Week ending Feb. 6 1960

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The Cover

OH yes, these cool cats have been "sent" all right, and so has he, into despair—and the next room. No fan of Eartha Kitt or Ella Fitzgerald, he'll never make sense of this generation; if he had his way, we'd be back with phonographs and 2LO. It seems only yesterday that his tiny daughter wouldn't stop chattering. Now he's told to "shush"—while she does the listening. "It proves she's growing up," says artist Heseltine. "Forsaking him for a boy-friend and Sinatra"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

For Bigger Britain

LAND is getting scarcer every year, and it is time we thought of reclaiming it from the sea.

A twenty-two-mile long sea wall from Donaghadee, Northern Ireland, to Portpatrick, Scotland, and a fifty-mile wall from St. David's Head, South Wales, to Carnsore Point, Eire, would yield an area three times the size of Wales after land drainage.

And, thinking bigger still, a sea wall from Lands End to Toe Head, two hundred miles away in Eire, would enable us to reclaim an area the size of England.

Vast freshwater lakes would form in the Irish Channel, more produce would reach us from Eire, and food import bills would fall.

Admittedly, problems other than human would be large. Rivers would have to be redirected and about five super canals constructed. But taking a fifty-year view the advantages to Great Britain as a whole would far outweigh the short-term inconveniences.—M. HORRELL, Fidlas Road, Llanishen, Cardiff.

Open And Shut Case

Is there any good reason, other than tradition, for windows being made in such a way that they can open? If ventilation were provided by some other means—and I can think of several—frame construction could be simplified and I would think that even double glazing would be economic.

And an important means of access would be denied to burglars.—ROBERT FINLAYSON, Springwell Brae, Broughton, By Biggar, Lanarkshire.

"The model by-laws, which are adopted by most local authorities, state that a certain percentage of openable window area must be provided in every habitable room of a building," says the Building Research Centre, "and, as far as we know, no revision is contemplated at the moment."

Interrupted Service

For days I had been awaiting an important phone call. But it didn't come because of major road repairs disrupting the caller's service. Friends are frequently complaining about breakdowns in service, and professional and business people must suffer great inconvenience at times.

Surely it is only fair for subscribers to be able to claim a rebate. Why should we have to pay completely for a service which is so often incomplete?—MRS. FLORENCE JONES, Mount Pleasant Road, Chase Cross, Romford, Essex.

"Delays of this kind are rarely of long enough duration to justify a reduction in the rental," says the G.P.O. "And, after all, calls not made don't have to be paid for."

Darts Marathon

Readers of the article on darts ("The Craze That's Come To Stay," JOHN BULL, January 2) might be interested to know that eight Loughborough College of Technology students recently scored 1,000,001 in a single, non-stop darts match. A depleted team of six (two retired on doctor's orders) finished on a double in 52 hr. 8 min.

Standard rules were adopted, but each player was allowed to miss ten consecutive throws to give him time to snatch a hasty meal or rest. About fifty scorers and helpers worked on a shift system.

Although born as a stunt for final-year students, the idea quickly developed into something more worthwhile, and collections were taken for the World Refugee Year and a local charity.—A. ROBERTS, Duncan Road, Aylestone, Leicester.

Out Of Touch

I was appalled to hear that in these days when safety precautions in factories and mines are rigorously enforced, small cargo vessels are allowed to put to sea without radio equipment of any kind.

Is it illegal for vessels to put to sea without radio, or is it that the owners are more concerned with profits than the lives of the crews?—MRS. M. P. RITCHIE, Wayland Crescent, Chilton, Didcot, Berkshire.

"Boats permitted to put to sea without radio include pleasure yachts, fishing boats, cargo ships of less than 500 tons gross and boats without engines," says the Ministry of Transport.

"Many of these small ships use radio telephony," says the Radio Officers' Union. "This is less effective than radio telegraphy but almost anybody can pass the simple qualifying test."

Heightened Perception

On a recent visit to New York I was amazed at the size of the men. To

my unaccustomed eyes they were like giants.

When I asked an American friend the reason he said: "Apart from the fact that we have always lived well, America is such a vast territory and everything is on such a huge scale that the male population have subconsciously tried to expand a little."

I am now living in rather cramped style on a caravan site—and already I feel that I am beginning to shrink and stoop.—MRS. M. E. JEFFERY, Blue Ridges, Ockley, Surrey.

American men average 5 ft. 9 in. in height, Englishmen 5 ft. 7½ in., Welshmen 5 ft. 7 in. and Scotsmen 5 ft. 7 in.

Double Trouble

People who are not identical twins can have no idea what it is like going through life with a permanent double.

Twins don't enjoy being stared at with amused eyes obviously searching for differences; such comments as: "Do you ever get mixed up yourselves?"; being referred to as "they," particularly when only one has done something wrong—and commands like: "Come here, one of you. It doesn't matter which. . . ."

Twins should be sent to different schools. Heredity will probably make them good or bad at the same subjects, but they will become more self-reliant and more interesting to each other.

Twins don't want to grow any more alike than they are already. I know. I am a twin myself.—MISS THEODORA CARTER, Ormonde Court, Glasgow, S.4.

Line Astern

The most novel clothes line I ever saw was owned by a tramp. He had fastened a piece of string from one

shoulder strap of his army greatcoat to the other. His pack held it away from his back and over it were hung his socks and smalls—all waving in the breeze as he walked along.—MISS E. RODEN, Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester.

Top Women

Mrs. Khruschev won many admirers during her husband's recent visit to the United States.

A summit meeting between Nina Khruschev, Mamie Eisenhower and Dorothy Macmillan could easily bring world peace, as women have a maternal gift for arbitration and justice.—MRS. N. M., West Ealing, London.

L-Cooks

People who think that too much specialization is having an adverse effect on grammar school pupils might be interested to know how sixth formers at my own school reacted when the syllabus was expanded to include a few subjects not directly connected with the G.C.E. examination.

Eight girls chose cookery—and so did nine boys. They have already produced lemon meringue pie, flaky pastry, sponge cakes and an iced and decorated Christmas cake.—JOHN R. ROSE, Wolverton Road, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

Privileged Nurse

I often wonder why so much is made of the hardship of being a nurse. The public has been too long under the impression that the nurse is under-privileged—all because the yardstick used is money.

But her training brings her respect from all strata of society, the power to heal the physical and emotional sick—and sometimes to save life.

My profession has brought me romance in Paris, adventure in New Mexico, spiritual healing in Johannesburg, dramatic experiences in Stockholm, excitement in Spain and Italy—and great friendships in Wales.

Believe me, the world is open to

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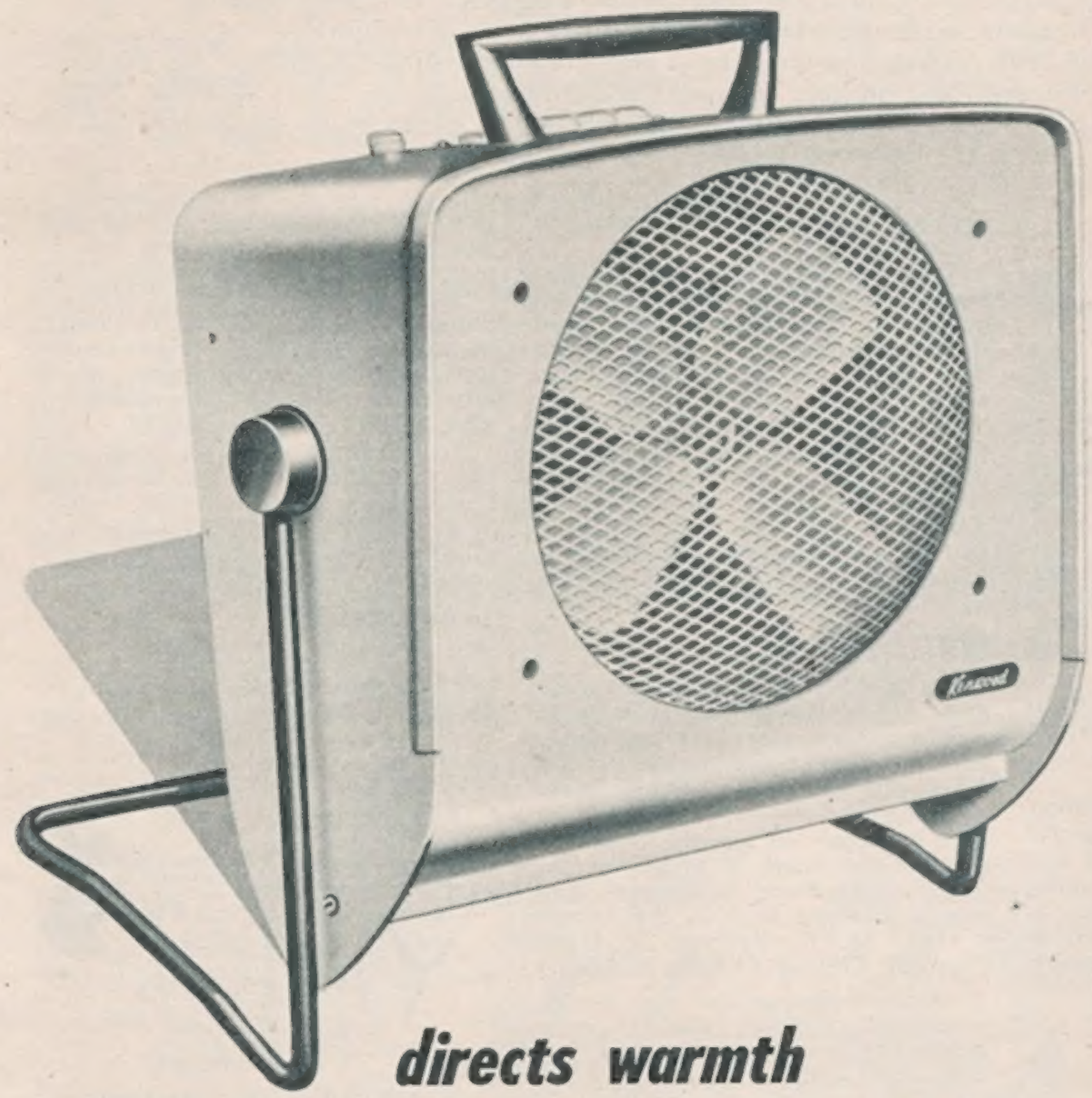

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

nurses who have the courage to seek adventure. I am now looking forward to a unique experience in the hospitals of Stalingrad.—MRS. C. M. BOWEN, Gipsy Castle, Hay-on-Wye, Brecon.

Speed-age Names

If British Railways ever get round to naming the diesel-electric locomotives which are replacing steam so quickly, I hope they take a tip from United States railroads and choose colourful names which typify the modern trend.

Specimens are: Blue Streak, Cannonball, The Clipper, Hot Shot, Greyhound, Pacemaker, Night Hawk, Southern Flash, Trailblazer and Speed Witch.

The names of some of our steam locomotives have become household words. What about the diesels, British Railways?—J. W., Carnoustie, Angus.

"We usually name locomotives according to their class," say British Railways. "Midland Region are naming their first ten diesel-electrics after British mountain peaks—Scafell Pike, Tryfan, Whernside and Great Gable, for example."

Botched Batch

Mrs. Gladys Gunning wonders why poor eyesight is sometimes not detected during school medical examinations (JOHN BULL, December 29). I think I know one reason.

At my son's school the children were examined in groups of five or six. He came home and said: "I couldn't see all the letters, Mummy, but it didn't matter because I remembered what the others had said."

Apparently he regarded the test as one for reading and not for eyesight.—MRS. J. THOMAS, Rutland Street, Mansfield, Notts.

Is This Darby Year?

Is 1960 going to be as good a year for old men as 1959 was? As film stars, as husbands of beautiful wives young enough to be their daughters or even granddaughters, and as male models showing young men how to be elegant, they had a wonderful time.

If it is, I can see the great teenage cult of a few years ago being succeeded by the older man or Darby cult.

When I mentioned this to my teenage daughter she said: "Well, the older men do have something to say. They don't hold you by the back of the neck, but by the arm—and they offer to pay for you."—MRS. PEGGY COOK, Disraeli Road, London, S.W.15.

Basic Presumption

There's such a mania for guns and cowboy outfits these days that boys seem to be born with violence in their make-up.

My six-year-old grandson listened intently while I told him about his great grandfather. Then he asked: "Where is he now?"

"Oh, he died years ago," I said.

Jumping up excitedly, he shouted: "Did he? Who shot him?"—MRS. MABEL A. WRIGHT, Rydon Avenue, Newton Abbot, Devonshire.

Super-marked

I rarely go into the kind of supermarket described by René Lecler ("The Super Sell," JOHN BULL, January 9), but whenever I do I feel like a thief prowling round with the eagle eyes of a dozen assistants watching every move. I expect it is because I always carry a large shopping bag with an open top—and when I was a shop assistant I was always told to watch people like me.—J. BURKIMSHER, Lydden, Kent.

Motor Response

My son failed his driving test twice and was due to take it again on January 5. So I bought him a diary, and against January 5 wrote: "Took and passed driving test."

When he set off to take it I reminded him that his entry was made for the day and must not be altered.

He passed. I have found that this self-persuasion works for me too.—MRS. V. LATHAM, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London.

MURDER!

Downstairs a family dined with friends. Upstairs a baby was battered to death in the most baffling crime of the century

WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE?
WHO WAS THE KILLER?

Read W. E. Armstrong's report of this intriguing, real-life murder mystery

—NEXT WEEK

Everybody loves a Kosset *carpet!*

No wonder the kitten is nuzzling into the soft warmth of Kosset Asteroid. Textured and patterned with film-set luxury in creamy wool and contrasting viscose, Asteroid is attractive and beautiful — a noble carpet for 54/- a square yard!

But it's just one of the exciting Kosset carpets that are making everybody in Britain more carpet-minded than they've ever been before. You see, with Kosset you can always find *just* the carpet you have in mind. Is it pure wool or economical viscose? Velvet pile or a fashionable loop? You can take your choice. Or do you think of colour first? Then you're in clover with Kosset. No carpets offer such a varied and splendid range of shade from pimento to charcoal — from turquoise to soft beige. Most important of all, there's a Kosset carpet for every taste — and at the lowest price you can afford to pay.

If spring has made you pine for a new carpet — in your sitting room, bedroom, on the stairs, anywhere — go and see Kosset carpets. They're made for modern-thinking people like you, and suit your way of life. 7 prices, from 34/- to 68/6d. a square yard, all in 10 widths. *For colour leaflets of all qualities, write to Kosset Carpets at 6-10 Bruton St., London, W.1.*

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JACK?

by KEITH ELLIS

When a strike call comes, up goes

IN twentieth-century folklore, shop stewards are cast as the gremlins of British industry, whipping up strikes, banning overtime, bewitching a key department into a "go-slow" or ringing handbells to call members to unofficial meetings.

The legend was crystallized by Peter Sellers's brilliant but misleading portrayal of shop steward Kite in the Boulting Brothers satire *I'm All Right, Jack*.

Yet in many industries, shop stewards do more than any other section towards smooth-flowing production. One firm valued their influence so highly that it paid first-class travelling expenses for the convenor (chairman or secretary of a shop stewards' committee) to set up a shop stewards' organization in a new subsidiary 150 miles from the main factory.

What is the truth about shop stewards? Why do some employers regard them almost as an extension of the personnel department while others, like Charles Garland, ex-president of the National Union of Manufacturers, denounce them as "one of the greatest menaces that we employers have had to face"?

Little is known about shop stewards

A strike-breaker on the horizon, and shop steward Kite (Peter Sellers) can hardly believe his eyes. A scene from the recent film hit, *I'm All Right, Jack*

A mass meeting of B.O.A.C. workers vote to stay out on strike at London Airport. At Rolls-Royce, A.E.U. convenor Alf Brown (above) is given his own office and secretary, with access to top management. "A stoppage would be a defeat for me," he says

a forest of hands . . . to bring joy to the most powerful men in Britain

as a group, even by the unions. A T.U.C. spokesman said he thought there were about 50,000 altogether. Jim Matthews, national industrial officer of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, thinks there are "perhaps more than 200,000."

They shade off into site stewards on building jobs and office representatives in black-coated unions. Their powers and duties vary from union to union and from industry to industry. But they are most powerful, most talked-about and best-organized in engineering factories.

Father confessor

A shop steward's job is not an enviable one. Elected annually by union members in his department, he collects dues, checks cards and acts as an unofficial welfare officer and father confessor. He may have to organize a fund for the family of an erring brother or have a fatherly chat with an unfaithful wife.

But his main job is taking up grievances with the management. They may be about overtime, bonuses, holiday pay or piecework rates. They range from an unjust sacking to the smell of a diesel truck.

If he cannot solve a problem, he calls in the convenor who takes it up at a higher level.

Neither stewards nor convenor are paid for doing this. If they spend time away from the bench, their earnings may be made up by the management, by their mates or out of a shop stewards' fund raised by sweeps. But they get only basic pay, perhaps with an average bonus. They are bound to lose money.

Some firms treat their shop stewards well. At Rolls-Royce, Derby, for instance, many of them become supervisors and even executives. Brother Alf Brown, A.E.U., the convenor, wears not overalls but a flannel suit. Though he still draws his full-time wage as a turner, he has not worked at a machine for seventeen years.

The firm provides an office with strip-lighting, two telephones and an attractive secretary in an ante-room. He has instant access to top management. "I aim to get problems satisfactorily resolved," he says. "A stoppage would be a defeat for me."

Except for a one-day strike called nationally in 1951, the factory has not had a stoppage since 1936. No one remembers when a dispute had to be taken outside for settlement.

Wonderful, but . . .

In other firms, the two sides are more suspicious of each other. One convenor, though paid full-time by his employers, refused even to serve on the joint production committee in case it prejudiced his independence.

"When I left," he says, "I wanted to tell them that they were a wonderful firm to work for. But I just said: 'You haven't always given me the facilities I needed. I hope you'll do better for my successor.' I didn't want them to think we were going soft."

When relations were deteriorating, he adopted an aggressive, bullying attitude as a matter of policy. "This type of 'bull' works on some people. But sometimes it boomerangs on to yourself. I got away with it because they knew I wouldn't waste their time with trivial complaints."

In many firms, shop stewards are victimized. They get less lucrative work, fewer merit awards, or find themselves manoeuvred on to night shift so that they lose touch with their members.

In one factory, a particularly active shop steward was transferred from the large department which he represented to one which consisted of only two other workers. Under the rules of his union, he automatically lost his stewardship.

Several months later, there was a run-down in production and the management announced that it was closing down the department to which he had been transferred. As he was the last to join, he was the first to be laid off.

His union took up the complaint officially but it was powerless. "The man had clearly been victimized," says an official, "but the management claimed it was their prerogative to move him from one department to another. When there was redundancy, they had applied the 'last in, first out' principle. What could we do?"

When victimization is added to the other disadvantages of being a shop steward, few men are willing to take on the job. They don't wish to sacrifice pay, prospects and perhaps even their jobs for the privilege of helping their fellow-workers. "That's how the Communists get in," said one union official. "If the party tells them to stand, they do so." Soon, there may be a Communist committee and a Communist convenor.

May cause trouble

If a shop steward wants to cause trouble, he is in an excellent position to do so. The union's main chain of command runs from the local branch to head office. A parallel chain runs from the shop floor, through the shop steward, to the convenor. The chains are connected by only the flimsiest links.

Most members never attend a branch meeting and never see a permanent official. But they see their shop steward every day. To them, he *is* the union.

The union rule-book says that shop stewards must not call a strike. But they can easily do so. By presenting the facts of a dispute in a biased manner and arranging for other trouble-makers to propose the strike motion, they can claim that the decision came not from themselves but from their members. This makes it difficult for their union to discipline them.

If his department decides against a

continued on page 41

VICTOR CANNING

From this master of suspense . . . the thrilling story of a ship that died—and the survivors who fought to live

THE BURNING EYE

WHILE Wellard cleaned and dressed the long gash, the captain's eyes were forward on the long, grey seas that came sweeping over the Cambria's bows.

"I ought to stitch it," Wellard said. He tidied the bandage. "What do you want me to tell the passengers?"

"Anything, except the truth, Doc."

"And what is the truth?"

"Bad cargo stow in Bombay. You can see the list we've got. We'll go into Sugulli and hope to get a restow. Passengers ashore. Bound to be some accommodation there. Our radio's gone. Say what you like."

Wellard said: "What about this Royce fellow? Sugulli's Somaliland."

"Legally? Damned if I know, or care. It's up to you."

PICKING up his surgical case, Wellard went down to the deck. He thought he wouldn't care if he never saw the sea again. Give him twenty thousand pounds, and he'd happily put his feet up in a private practice tomorrow.

He went into the main saloon, crossed to the bar, and ordered a gin. He saw that Juliet Barclay and Howard Fisher were sharing one of the leather divans.

Fisher said: "Are we sinking?"

"No," Wellard said, looking round at the other passengers, Royce, Blaikie and Lily Pincott. "We're having a little trouble, that's all."

AS he finished speaking the Cambria took a wave up forward, took it badly with an ugly jolt and shudder.

"Nothing to worry about," said Juliet Barclay.

"We've had three days of bad weather," Wellard said. "In that time some of our cargo has shifted. The captain is putting into a small port, Sugulli, on the Italian Somaliland coast for a restow."

The Reverend Henry Blaikie looked up. "Ex-Italian Somaliland, Doctor. It is now a U.N. Trusteeship."

"Well, whatever it is, the Italians still run it. All passengers will be quartered ashore."

"For how long?" asked Juliet.

"A couple of days at the most. We should make Sugulli by first light tomorrow morning."

HOWARD FISHER came across to the bar. He said: "Just what is there in our cargo?"

"Rice and hides." Wellard spoke casually. In his mind he could see the after hold. Rice would swell, and the bags would split. If the Cambria was taking water, and he knew damned well she was, the pumps would be going. There would be loose rice everywhere, blocking valves and choking pipes. . . .

Maybe Fisher, an artist, had enough imagination to see the same picture.

Wellard began to move across the saloon. He saw Juliet Barclay get up from the divan and start towards the door. He reached it first and stood waiting for her. The Cambria rolled and Juliet came staggering down the slope of the floor. She crashed into him as he held out his arms to save her, and they went to the ground together.

Wellard helped her to her feet. "This old tub hasn't got the luxury liner manners you're used to," he said.

"As a matter of fact, I'm enjoying it," she said. "It makes a change."

Opening the door, Wellard said: "Watch the step."

From the door he watched her move carefully along the canting floor of the companionway. He thought that if they didn't make Sugulli by the morning they would go down. . . .

THE Reverend Henry Blaikie had decided not to go in to dinner. He lay on his bunk and listened to the sea hitting the ship.

There was a knock on the door and, when he called, Royce opened it and came in. "Are you all right, padre?"

"Yes, thank you. What can I do for you?"

Blaikie tried to keep unfriendliness from his voice. The day after the Cambria had left Bombay, the captain had been advised by radio to hold Royce on fraud charges and to hand him over to the Protectorate police at Aden. Twelve people, so the captain had told Blaikie, were at this moment thirty thousand pounds the sorrier in England because of Royce.

ROYCE smiled and came farther into the cabin. "You know these parts. What kind of place is Sugulli?"

For a moment Blaikie smiled. It was odd how men like Royce thought that his kind were innocents. "Sugulli is on the Gulf of Aden coast of Somaliland. It's about eighty miles due west of the Horn of Africa."

"Is there any big town near it?"

"Not really big. There's Kandala, another hundred or so miles to the west. Beyond Kandala there's British and then French Somaliland. Six or seven hundred miles of coast line."

"But Sugulli's Italian, isn't it?"

"In a way. Somalia used to be an Italian possession. After the war the United Nations gave the trusteeship of the country to the Italians. But Somalia, like many other countries in the Middle East, wants to be independent. The Italians are due to hand over to the Somalis sometime in 1960 and personally . . ." Blaikie smiled. "I'm afraid I can't tell you whether there is an extradition agreement with Britain."

Royce grinned. "Kandala, eh?"

BLAIKIE said: "It's not yet the end of the rainy season. Even with a mule or a camel, I wouldn't advise it."

"The thought never entered my head, padre," said Royce easily. . . .

They made Sugulli by early morning. It was a small bay, held in the narrow horns of steep sand dunes. Long rollers creamed up the beach. Behind the beach lay a row of palms, and through them could be seen a few flat-roofed houses.

The Cambria came in under the lee of the easterly horn where the seas

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

The stern of the boat swung towards them as they struggled in the water. And there was Juliet, reaching down to help them both to safety

Jibarti's men closed in on Fagih, their razor-sharp warans poised for the kill

continued from page 8

were calmer and her chain went out. They put over a small boat for Wellard, manned by two seamen, and he went down the side to it, feeling the rain driving at his back. Once aboard he unfurled the old green umbrella which he found easier to manage than a raincoat. In these climates when the rain stopped suddenly and the sun came out a coat was a damned nuisance.

THE seamen laid into their oars and the boat raced on the crest of a wave. A dozen small boys came leaping through the water, faces shining and teeth flashing, and their thin, pawlike hands took the gunwales and hauled them up.

Wellard walked up the beach to where five or six men were squatting under the palms.

He stopped in front of the group and said: "Anyone here speak English?"

They looked at him with a mild curiosity.

"Parla Italiano? Italiano?"

An older man nodded his head.

WELLARD said: *"Io sono Inglese. Capo di commune. Dov'è capo? Ufficiale Italiano? Carabiniere?"*

The old man stood up and walked away, making a gesture for Wellard to follow him. They went along the row of palms, passing five or six houses, and then were on a rough road.

The ground rose towards the base of the eastern headland. As they crested it Wellard saw below them a wide stretch of inland lagoon. The road dipped downwards and met a small stone causeway that jutted some way out into the lagoon where it ended in a flat, plate-like island with a block of buildings in its centre.

The water had begun to encroach on the causeway and he guessed that a few more days of rain would flood it. An Italian flag swung damply in the wind over a doorway to the left of the buildings. To its right, and adjoining it, was a taller, two-storied building, running right out to the water's edge. Over the door a board announced—*Albergo Commercio.*

SITTING down on a low step, the old man pointed to the door. Wellard entered a dark corridor. At the far end was a beaded curtain. Behind it was a sparsely-furnished room overlooking a small courtyard. To the right there was a small alcove, half obscured by a silk curtain of faded green.

From behind it a voice, heavily accented, said: "You from the ship?"

Wellard held the curtain aside. A man, wrapped in blankets, lay on a small camp bed. He shut his eyes and shivered. The spasm over, his eyes opened and he said: "Guiseppe Dracopoli. Yousseff was here and told me."

"I'm Wellard. Yes, I'm from the ship." He put his hand on the man's forehead. "I'm a doctor. Malaria?"

"Tomorrow I shall be all right. Today I am a dead fish. Ship in trouble? Must be, to come here."

"We want to bring a few passengers ashore until the cargo's restowed. Have you dosed yourself for this?"

"Quinine and chianti. You know something better, Doctor?"

"Maybe. Who's Yousseff?"

"One of my askaris. Tell him to fix everything. But you bring blankets, food and flea powder."

Wellard smiled. "I'll fix it. I'll give you an injection, too. We shall only be here a couple of days."

"You will find that too long. I have had six years. You speak Italian?"

"Not really. Haven't you got anyone to look after you?"

"There's Yousseff. He'll look after you. But don't give him any drink. Next door. . . ." He shut his eyes and this time they stayed shut and he mumbled to himself.

AS Wellard crossed the room, a shadow fell across one of the courtyard arches. A man stepped through into the room and stood looking at him. He was a Somali with a mop of yellow dyed hair, wearing an old Italian army tunic.

"Yousseff?"

"Si, signore. Hear everything *tenente* says. Ship very poorly, eh. . . . You go back people, *signore.* I get men to help. It is good hotel, only for blankets and food, perhaps. But not flea powder. *Tenente* joke. Come I show you bedrooms."

As they left and went out into the rain, Dracopoli shouted feebly: "Don't give him anything to drink."

Yousseff smiled. *"Tenente* joke. Am very sober man, *signore."*

In Fagih lay their hope

CROUCHED on the edge of a run of broken stone coping above the beach, Wellard jerked his cigarette away. "Frankly I don't really care very much what happens to you."

"Exactly, old boy. So what about the blind eye touch?" Royce said. "I see that Dracopoli lad has an old fifteen-hundredweight army truck. I could be fifty miles away by morning."

"You could, without telling me."

"Not on your life. You'd be out after me. Right?"

"Right."

"So, it's better to have an understanding. Look, you stay fast asleep and I'll make it worth your while."

Wellard laughed. "At this moment you're convinced you would, too. Five thousand pounds? That all right?"

Royce whistled and shook his head. "That's a bit steep, isn't it?"

"Against ten years in prison? Don't waste your time. The captain's put you in my charge, and that's that. Even though I might be tempted by your money, you'd never pay me a cent. And between ourselves, the truck's no good."

Royce was silent for a while. Not dispirited. That seldom happened. If one thing wouldn't work there was always another that might.

JUST for the moment, since there was nothing to plan, he could be a little more aware of other people. Looking now at Wellard, he had a rising curiosity about the man.

"You're right about the money, Doc. I wouldn't pay you. But just supposing I would pay and the truck was okay?"

Wellard stirred a little and said: "Then I'd want ten thousand."

Royce chuckled. "I wonder what you've got your eye on for ten thousand?"

"Something that wouldn't suit you."

"Like me to guess?"

"Some other time. We've got company." Juliet Barclay was coming down from the ridge. She came towards them.

"You couldn't get that for ten thousand," said Royce. "If I had her money I could afford to be honest."

Wellard didn't answer. He was watching her cross the sand. She came over to them and they stood up.

"Have you seen Howard Fisher?" she asked Wellard.

"No. Should he be around?"

"He went off some time ago to get his radio from the Cambria. Doesn't she look ghostly?"

Wellard followed her glance. That moment of turning to look at the Cambria was one which was, all his life, to be inerasable, something to lurk forever sharp in his memory, to come leaping back with every detail clear.

UNDER the lee of the low dune headland the listing Cambria slowly dipped her starboard rails to the sea and the great cone of lights from the arc lamps began to spread and lose shape across the water.

"Christ Almighty!"

Twenty years or more of pounding weather, tropic expansion of steel and winter contraction of rivets, had sprung long serviced plates and fatigued the body of the Cambria. Loose, swollen rice had blocked pumps, and the gaining water, climbing unmarked through sacks and swelling the leather hides, had formed a hidden weight that had risen higher and higher until the balance of

of reaching the outside world—and now he faced death on the road to Kandala

the listing ship had hung on a hair-breadth division of weight that needed only the tilt of a few sacks to take her over without warning.

Wellard saw the high arc lamps dip over to the water, saw the bridge works and the stubby smoke-stack shoulder against the sea, sending out a long white-topped wave to fight and boil against the inrushing flood. Then she turned over completely and white fountains of hissing sea spouted into the night all around her.

For a second or two she lay like that, then there was a deep, angry mutter of explosion and abruptly there was nothing but turbulent white water.

Before the last echoes of disaster had gone Wellard was running hard down the beach towards the native boats.

Sugulli beach came to life as though every shadowed corner had hidden people waiting for this moment. Men and boys rushed with him. He had his hands on the gunwale of one of the boats, fighting to run it seaward. The boat began to move and Juliet Barclay was beside him. The bows of the boat hit the sea. Already there were three men at the oars. Wellard took the steering oar.

Minutes later they were at the spot. One of the men in the boat had lit the fishing torch of oily rags, and by its flaring light Wellard could see one of the Cambria's boats drifting, upturned. A white face caught his eye. He saw the face go under.

"Take her."

He pushed the butt of the steering oar to Juliet and flung himself over the side. He threshed his way towards the boat. A grey singlet surfaced ahead of him. He went under into the blackness, and after a while his groping hands felt the flesh of an arm.

He came to the surface, tangled up with the suddenly threshing arms of the man. He fought himself free and then came back to get the man behind the shoulders. He began to kick out, dragging the man towards the boat. The stern swung round towards him. Above him he saw Juliet Barclay.

"Hold on." She leaned over and began to pull the man into the boat. Wellard heard a splashing and saw Fisher come swimming strongly into the glare.

Juliet called to him and reached down to help him aboard.

Some of the Sugulli Somalis carried the bodies on litters from the *Albergo Commercio* to a small piece of ground at the land end of the causeway. All through the night and morning a search had gone on and only four bodies had been recovered.

Now it was raining again. The Reverend Henry Blaikie, reading the burial service, shook his head to clear his eyebrows of raindrops.

The service over, Blaikie saw Dracopoli cross himself and then make a sign to the waiting Somalis. Three men came into the ground and with long-handled, heart-shaped spades began to fill in the grave.

Instead of going with the others into the *albergo*, Wellard followed Dracopoli into his house. In the long room overlooking the courtyard Dracopoli pulled off his damp greatcoat and dropped it over one end of the glass-topped table. Without a word he brought out glasses and a bottle.

"Brandy?"

Wellard nodded and watched him pour two large glasses, handing him one and sipping at his own before he sat. When he did sit, he sighed and the remaining strength seemed to go from the large, bulky body.

"You shouldn't have come out," Wellard said.

"In another day it will be gone."

"What now?"

Dracopoli shrugged. "You are now in Sugulli for some time. In this season the big dhows stay close to their ports."

"The Cambria's radio went while she was at sea. They couldn't send a message that they were putting into Sugulli. When she's overdue at Aden, which is about now, they'll think she went under in the monsoon."

Dracopoli whistled. "What a tragedy! Of her captain and crew only one man saved. I will send my askari to Kandala with a full report. From there they have communications. They can get a boat diverted to pick you up."

"How long will that take?"

"Who knows. Kandala is over a hundred miles away. My boy will ride . . . four or five days, and then they have to make the arrangements. It could be just over a week, but almost certainly longer."

"That's not too bad. There's plenty of food, I imagine, here?"

"Oh, yes, there is food. Fish chiefly. You have a wife, children, who will be anxious about you?"

"No."

"You are lucky." For a moment Dracopoli's body shook as though with cold. He held the bottle out.

"No more for me. I'll come back in a little while and give you an injection that'll take that fever down and give you a good night's rest. The only other thing is Royce. I told you about him. He was put in my charge. Whose responsibility is he now? Yours or mine?"

Dracopoli smiled. "You are a man who likes to know where he stands. It is good. Not a criticism. People should always know where they stand. Frankly about Signore Royce, I do not know the legal position. I will mention it to Kandala for their advice. But until then, let us share him."

"He might make a run for it."

"He would be foolish. The rains are not over yet. There is a lot of movement amongst the Somalis. The real Somalis, not these coast people who are fish-eaters, most of them *sabs*—that is a kind of slave almost. But the real ones are sometimes anti-European and one white man wandering about on his own. . . ." Dracopoli raised his hands limply. "Tell him if he wishes to escape he had better wait until you all reach Kandala or some other port."

Wellard stood up. A curtain of rain hung across the archway, the noise of its falling echoing in the courtyard.

"Go easy on that brandy. I'll be back in a while."

Back in the *Albergo Commercio* Wellard went up to the room where they had put the seaman, Edward Harkness, whom he had pulled out of the sea. He was sitting up in bed, a bandage around his forehead. He gave Wellard a grin that showed three broken teeth and said: "Good evenin', Doc."

"How are you feeling?" Wellard went over and held the man's pulse.

"Fine. My head's a bit sore, that's all."

Wellard tossed a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches on to the bed. It was getting dark outside. "I'll get Yousseff to bring you up a lamp if you want one. Did you see anything of the captain when you came on deck?"

"Not a thing, Doc. I was aft, you know. He wouldn't be around there."

"How do you feel about food?"

"Show me a steak and chips."

Wellard smiled. "You'll be lucky. Probably soup and spaghetti."

Outside in the corridor Wellard paused after shutting the door. Ted Harkness came on deck for a breath of fresh air and he was saved. The things that happened to you were arbitrary.

Before he reached his room he passed the entrance to the run of little wooden steps that led up on to the flat roof and caught a sudden drift of perfume.

He went up the stairs. Juliet Barclay was leaning on the parapet overlooking the lagoon.

She gave him a calm smile. "I came up here for some air. My room was like an oven."

"I'm afraid we're stuck here for a while," Wellard said. "Dracopoli is sending a despatch to Kandala. If you want to send a letter I'm sure it could go down in his bag."

She shook her head. "There's no one. No one that important."

"That makes two of us."

She laughed gently. "In Sugulli, maybe—but elsewhere the world's full of us. It surprises me that such a small ship as the Cambria should have a doctor aboard."

"It doesn't normally. But I got orders at Bombay to leave my ship and come back to take over another."

"You like the life?"

"The pay's reasonable," he answered lightly. "So is the food. And the company changes. What were you doing on the Cambria, anyway?"

She laughed. "That's the trouble with being rich, people expect you to stay in your proper place. You don't know how lucky you are having a job to do."

"I wouldn't complain if I had money."

"I'm only complaining about the high-class jail money builds you."

"Well, Sugulli's a low-class jail," Wellard said. "Let's have a drink."

He put his hand out to her arm, to lead her away. But she stayed still looking at him.

"Come on," he said and his hand tightened on her arm. But in the movement they were suddenly close together and his arms went round her. He kissed her gently on the lips, a tenderness that came and went lightly, and then with its going swiftly roused a stronger impulse.

Wellard would have pulled her closer, found her lips again, but she said softly: "No. Not now. . . ."

She moved by him towards the door and he followed her down the stairs. He felt her hand find his and then she moved away to her room.

Fisher, playing bezique with Royce, said: "Your mind's not on this."

"Frankly, old boy, no. I'm not used to playing for matchsticks."

"I wouldn't play you for money."

Royce laughed. "Very sensible. I'd

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"A doctor should have a nurse about," Juliet Barclay said. Wellard looked at her. "All right," he said. "But I hope you've got a strong stomach"

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WHY MARRIAGES BREAK UP

First of a new series by Dr. Harry Tashman, world-famous psychiatrist. With complete frankness and sympathy he analyses the case-history of a typical broken marriage

When a girl traps a married man

WHEN at forty-nine Joe became involved with Elsa, his twenty-eight year old assistant, his life with his wife took a serious turn.

Fanny was only a few years younger than her husband, and it seemed that the reasonable age-difference between the two would make them compatible.

At first glance their relationship did appear to have an easy *camaraderie*. Joe called Fanny "Mother," and he liked it when she called him "Dad."

In fact, Fanny had long ceased lavishing much attention on Joe. There were too many matters to look after—the children's school, their health, and their future. Joe was in effect a neglected husband, one particularly susceptible to the advances of a woman like Elsa.

Joe was, for the most part, unaware of the significance of the drama taking place in his life.

Headaches

He had reached a crisis that first showed itself by attacks of headaches. His doctor, finding no physical cause, told him they had something to do with his emotions, and sent him to me.

"They come on while I'm on my way home from business," he said.

"Any other time?" I asked.

"Yes, over the weekends—I keep getting that pain." He rubbed the back of his neck and ran his fingers over his head towards his forehead.

"How long have you had these headaches?"

"They started about two months ago."

I suggested that he take this, the one clue we had, and tell me what took place two months ago, at his home and his business, that differed from events before then.

Joe's trouble, of course, was an unconscious conflict that expressed itself psychosomatically. When what was taking place in his unconscious could be brought into consciousness, where it could be seen and known, he would be able to make a decision, resolve the conflict and get over his sickness.

Hostility

It was some time before Joe got around to opening up the area in which the conflict was raging. Once started, his outpouring came in a deluge.

"Fanny doesn't seem to want me. She's wrapped up in the house and the children, and she does a lot of work for charities. If I applied as much energy to my business as she wastes on her committees, I'd make a fortune."

This was the first break in the dike of his defensive lip-service. He hurried to plug it with: "Don't misunderstand me. I admire my wife—she does useful charitable work, and she's a good mother."

I went back to the word that revealed his hostility. "You said that Fanny wasted her energies."

"She's been a good wife," he said, "but there's something she doesn't seem interested in helping me with. I feel driven in a way that I can't explain.

"I'm dissatisfied when I get close to her. Instead of having the old feeling of warmth and affection, I feel she's repugnant, even loathsome. I can't understand it.

"I'll tell you something peculiar," he continued. "After all, I'm forty-nine years old. We've been married for a long time; we have four children. Now why should I have a terrible feeling of loneliness and isolation when I am with them?

"They take me for granted as they do their meat and vegetables and clothes and all the other things I provide for them."

Joe reached for the back of his neck again, gripping it and rubbing. I suggested that he tell me something about his business.

"Well," he began, "my shop is more successful than it has ever been, and I'm thinking of opening another one. I suppose that Elsa has a good deal to do with it. She's young, devoted and conscientious."

"Is she married?" I asked him.

"She was until about a year ago. Then her husband got a divorce—I don't know the details. Now she seems married to her job.

"She's there before I am in the morning; I've never known anybody so competent and reliable."

Relaxed

As he talked of his business and Elsa, Joe became more relaxed. "I never realized how much Elsa had to do with the success of the business until two months ago when she took a holiday. It was curious, too, that I was interested in where she was going, and what she'd be doing."

A day or two after she left, Joe began to miss her. He now realized how much he depended on her judgment. And he longed for the three o'clock cup of tea she brought him every afternoon. He saw, when she was away, that he had enjoyed her presence, even the way she walked. He yielded to the image of her, taking delight in the memory.

There was nothing he could do about it, of course. He tried to suppress his yearning and keep his thoughts away from her. But when she returned, tanned, and suddenly beautiful in his eyes, Joe knew he had fallen in love with her.

Tremulous

This, too, frightened him. What was he doing? What was going to happen to Fanny and the children? What about their future?

Suppose he told Elsa what he felt? She might rebuff him and leave. He tried hard to avoid her as much as possible.

One day Elsa brought his tea and their eyes met. Her expression softened as she said in a tremulous voice: "Why are you avoiding me? What have I done?"

He answered irritably: "Nothing, nothing." He set down the cup and stood up abruptly.

She reached for his hand. "Joe, I missed you so terribly, and now that I'm back, you seem far away from me."

As he faltered, she swiftly thrust herself into his arms. Joe abandoned himself to her, fervently kissing and caressing her, whispering: "Elsa, I need you, I need you."

After this he began to look forward to his working day. They found things to do to remain in the shop together after hours.

About this time Joe noticed that

As he faltered, swiftly she thrust herself into his arms . . . and he was kissing her, whispering 'Elsa, I need you . . .'

When a girl traps a married man

continued from previous page

neither his wife nor his children seemed to bother, even when he stayed out almost all night. Their apparent indifference turned his guilt to anger against them.

He enjoyed making love to Elsa, and though at first she seemed to be as thrilled as he, she soon began to complain bitterly about her "back street" rôle.

She kept prodding him to do something to make their relationship more respectable.

When Joe was able to tell me what his desires and deep longings were, he no longer had to tighten the muscles of his cranium in primitive, unconscious attempts to hold back the tide of his thoughts. His headaches disappeared.

Then he did as he wanted, without asking me any questions or seeking my advice. He persuaded Fanny to divorce him, and married Elsa.

Two years later, Joe returned to my surgery. He thought that when he took the decisive step there would be no complications. He didn't know that marriage, especially where there are children, is irreversible.

Obsession

At his first session, Joe asked to be completely analysed. Previously he had wanted only to be relieved of his headaches, and this had been done by short-term therapy.

Now he obviously had deep, distressing problems that were not going to be easy to face, nor simple to resolve.

At first he could do little more than lie on the couch, pantomime with his hands, sigh and suffer.

But slowly the layers of events that had followed his last visit—and those of previous years—were peeled off and brought into view. . . .

His obsession with Elsa displaced and overshadowed all other interests. When at last he told Fanny that he was unhappy, she was silent for a time, then she said: "It will go hard with the children, but we'll manage. I've no doubt you will make proper provision for us."

He had expected no protest, and he got none.

His children during the next few weeks acted as though all was as usual, but he could detect a sadness that penetrated him deeply. Fanny filed divorce proceedings and he arranged to leave his family as well provided for as before.

Joe had to go back in time to examine again the events that had led him to his present state of helplessness, his feelings of futility and isolation.

After Elsa's divorce the business had become her only interest in life. The way she anticipated Joe's needs, her unselfish consideration, had delighted him to a point of elation.

She was giving him what no man in his condition could resist—the unqualified love that every well-cared-for infant receives from its mother.

In fact, she had staged a well-planned campaign to win Joe, conquer him, and possess for herself all that he had.

The first dawning of what had happened to him came during a discussion with Elsa, after their marriage, in which he realized that now it was she, not he, who was running the business.

"This came as a shocking surprise to me. When I told her that she was working for me and that she'd do as I said, a fierce, dark expression came over her face.

"With a sneer she said: 'You old fool, I'm your wife. You belong to me, and so does your business.' "

Dominated

The days that followed brought more revelations about his new wife. His business was now completely under Elsa's control.

Soon she began to question him about his Sunday visits to the children of his first marriage. Envy, jealousy and hatred of them now burst through without disguise.

It became clear that she didn't want to share any part of Joe, or his possessions, with anybody. Then came the final insult that broke his spirit.

"I gave you my youth," she shouted furiously at him. "You forget you are an old man. You don't deserve a young wife."

After this their relationship became like two swordsmen fencing for their lives. If he looked at another woman, she looked at her, too. It dawned on Joe that Elsa had no desire to look at him, but only at what he was looking at. And so she cut him off from all activity in which she herself wasn't interested.

How a woman of twenty-eight could have had Elsa's aims can be understood only by examining her background. A child with united parents does not develop such possessive drives. But Elsa, I learned when I investigated, was the unwanted child of parents forced to marry to legitimize her. Neither of them wished to be permanently united.

Predatory

Parents who cannot love each other cannot give a child the love and warmth that will enable it to develop to maturity.

Elsa would never achieve "later-life maturity." Such a person becomes predatory, for their driving need is to possess someone exclusively.

She lacked the natural ability to love and be loved, to bear children and to be part of a family. Her strange neurotic reason for divorcing her first husband was that he had not had a wife before from whom she could separate him.

Her irrational yearning was to get someone whom she could lure away from another in order to have him for herself.

No place in Joe's world now offered any hope except the psychiatrist's couch. Only there could he come to understand how insidiously his initiative and willpower had been taken away.

He had become accustomed to bearing his anguish in the way a patient gets used to a chronic disease. Often a doctor deliberately makes a condition acute so that the system's defences can be roused.

It was better for Joe to have his antagonism towards Elsa stimulated. I had to point out to him that the psychic sappings that were weakening him could go on until he couldn't possibly gather enough strength to make a stand against his second wife.

Joe could now see that his first move was to sleep in future on the couch in the living-room. Elsa's reaction was a violent one, for she sensed at once that he was escaping from her. But he was ready for it and was able to weather the storm.

Soon he was able to apply his strength to making decisions without permission from Elsa. In spite of her efforts to thwart him, he regained control of his business.

One day he came to me with a delighted expression in his face. He had telephoned Fanny the day before. She greeted him with her usual friendliness. He suggested they meet for a drink at a hotel where they had enjoyed themselves years before. Fanny agreed willingly.

Their meeting seemed like old times.

Strength

Until that evening Joe had so completely lost face with himself and with everyone who knew him that any trace of his hankering to return to his family had to be repressed. But now, in his new awareness of his true position, he forced Elsa to free him, and remarried his wife.

His analysis ended after the remarriage.

The most significant change in Joe—one that could never have taken place without analysis—was that he naturally and out of his own being developed a husband's strength and ability to give love. This in return induced a reaction from Fanny, his first wife, that gained him love.

Instead of being called "Dad," and instead of being one of the children who called Fanny "Mother," he emerged as a mature, knowing, understanding adult.

He came to be his age and to enjoy the dignity and privilege of being the provider for his family, the husband who loves his wife and the proud father of thriving children.

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From "The Marital Bed," by Harry F. Tashman, M.D., to be published by Neville Spearman, Ltd., in March at 21s.

NEXT WEEK **Can a man be happy with a career wife?**

ah! LOVELY
ah! BISTO
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THE TRAGEDY OF MUNICH

The full dramatic story

THE DAY I SAW A LEGEND DIE

by FRANK TAYLOR

the only journalist

to survive

This week two years ago, twenty-three people were killed in the Munich air crash. Among them, eight Manchester United players —the best of our football talent

of the football disaster which stunned Europe

It took just one minute. . . . In that sixty seconds Manchester United, the proud champions of British football, a legend in themselves among the legendary teams of Europe, desperately perished.

The team which Matt Busby, its manager, had spent years in building was suddenly destroyed. In a moment of triumph (United, victors at home, had drawn its tough away-leg match with Belgrade's Red Star in the European Cup) a nation's proud dreams vanished.

Eight of Manchester United's finest players were among the twenty-three people who died at Munich Riem Airport on that raw snowy afternoon of February 6, 1958.

Eight press men, my closest friends, were also among those killed.

I was aboard that plane—the only journalist to survive.

I remember. . . .

Munich, as we touched down that morning on our way home to Manchester, looked like some far-flung outpost of Siberia. Sleet lashed our faces as we crossed the tarmac to the terminal buildings. Here it was pleasantly warm, and over hot tea and coffee we newspapermen and the United players and officials looked and sounded cheerful enough. Except, perhaps, for Matt Busby, not long out of hospital after a leg operation, who still managed a smile, however, as he listened to his boys joke together.

Archie Ledbrooke of the *Daily Mirror* frowned as he saw Matt trying to ease his tired legs. "Matt doesn't look so good, does he?"

Big Frank Swift, former England goalkeeper but at that moment representing the *News Of The World*, nodded. "Matt hasn't looked so clever all this trip, if you ask me," he said.

Tom Jackson, *Manchester Evening News* football writer, a shortish burly figure, moved from group to group asking: "Anyone seen Alf Clarke?"

"I think he must be scooping you, Tom," said George Follows of the *Daily Herald*. "Last I saw of him, he was looking for a phone."

Worried looks . . .

The whole party bunched outside as we left the warm, close atmosphere of that room, then squelched across the tarmac to the Elizabethan G-ALZU AS 57. We took our places and fastened ourselves in.

The plane moved away from the terminal buildings, the props whirring pleasantly as we jogged along to the take-off point. Suddenly the engines burst into a thunderous roar. Then the Elizabethan started to roll down the runway.

Time: 14.30 hours and 40 seconds.

As the plane gathered speed I looked out of my window to watch the port wheel retract—I would know then that we were airborne. Instead I felt the sudden judder of the plane as the brakes were applied.

This caused no discernible panic among any of us, but there were several creased brows and worried looks.

The plane had stopped half-way down the runway, just forty seconds after it had roared away from the take-off point.

Up front the crew was busy explaining to the control tower that take-off had been abandoned, and could it now have permission to back-track and try again? We taxied back to take-off.

Time: 14.34 hours and 40 seconds.

Captain Kenneth Rayment, the co-pilot, opened the throttles and pushed the levers forward slowly. The plane started to race down the runway for a second attempt at take-off when suddenly—*there it was again*. A shuddering jar as the brakes were slammed on. Once more we had stopped on the runway.

Time: 14.35 hours and 20 seconds.

Then we were coasting towards the end of the runway again.

Inside the cabin we were sitting back in consternation. Questions and answers were being tossed about until the voice of Margret Bellis, one of the two hostesses aboard, silenced us. There was a slight mechanical fault, she explained, and we were going back to have it put right.

Back in the building, Henry Rose, of the *Daily Express*, wandered from one group to the next, trying to find out why we had stopped. "I must get back tonight," he said. "There's the Press Ball in Manchester. But first I'm going into the office to finish my Postbag."

That was typical of Henry. His Sports Postbag was a big selling item in the *Daily Express*—one of the secrets of his phenomenal success; he carried it everywhere, even into the airport lounge at Munich. But he was destined never to finish that particular Postbag. He had, in fact, only a few minutes left to live.

Over the loudspeakers came a voice summoning us back to the airliner. Chairs and tables scraped as we headed for the door. Back in the plane again, I reached my place, some three seats in

They had only hours to live . . . It was this Manchester United team's last game. Their opponents were Belgrade Red Star. Hours later, their homegoing plane flew five of them to their deaths. Left to right: Duncan Edwards, Eddie Colman, Mark Jones, Ken Morgans, Bobby Charlton, Dennis Viollet, Tommy Taylor, Billy Foulkes, Harry Gregg, Albert Scanlon and Roger Byrne

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R.W.

THE TRAGEDY OF MUNICH

front of the bulkhead by the galley: beyond was the radio officer's place and then the cockpit.

The hostess began making a last-minute check. "We're one short," she said.

At that moment Alf Clarke, of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, came hurrying across the tarmac.

He had taken advantage of the plane's delay to send his story; the last press message he was ever to send. Now the pilots were told the missing passenger was aboard and from the Elizabethan the radio crackled to the control tower: "Would you have my clearance renewed? I am about ready to start."

It was 14.55 hours and 20 seconds as Munchen Tower replied: "Roger. . . ." We were just seven minutes and thirty seconds from disaster.

Plunge to disaster

We relaxed as the motors burst into life again. Down the runway we raced, picking up speed. The ship seemed steady enough, but I knew in a moment that by now we ought to have been airborne.

I turned half-right to look over my shoulder at the way ahead and felt a sudden surge of alarm. Directly ahead was a wooden fence. . . . In that freezing moment I felt a sickening blow behind the left ear. . . .

Now there was a fierce bucking, with the machine shaking like a wild thing. There was a fearful ripping and tearing and grinding of metal *as though a giant were beating the side in with a sledge hammer. My eyes closed.*

The glittering Elizabethan had by now become little more than a runaway aluminium tomb, ploughing through every obstacle in its path.

On she plunged; past the landing lights marking the end of the runway, and through the perimeter fence. Directly ahead was a house and some trees. As the impending danger was grasped in the cockpit, the plane's commander, Captain Thain, pulled the lever to retract the undercarriage, but the plane wouldn't leave the ground.

Her port wing was torn off and thudded into the house, setting it on fire. The air liner then broke in two, and the tail unit, where my press colleagues sat, careered along on its own, coming to rest after cutting into a wooden shack and a petrol dump.

The front portion of the plane, with its starboard wing still intact, went spinning in circles like a giant scythe, ripping into trees, which carved more and still more holes in the fuselage and cockpit.

The once-sleek aircraft had become a smouldering ruin, leaving in its wake a trail of death and destruction. There strewn in the snow and slush lay the young kings of British football.

News flashed home

Within minutes the press messages were crackling over the wires to a stunned world. MANCHESTER UNITED PLANE CRASHES AT MUNICH. . . . STILL SEARCHING FOR SURVIVORS.

Captain James Thain tried to unfasten the belts which gripped him tightly in his pilot's seat. Beside him his co-pilot, Captain Rayment, struggled to follow, but his foot was jammed in the cockpit controls.

Fear of fire made Thain move fast. Shouting to Rayment to hang on, he leaped out. He and Radio Officer George Rodgers grabbed fire extinguishers.

As the shocked survivors staggered from the wreck, Harry Gregg, the Manchester United goalkeeper, stood on a little hummock, bawling: "Come on, lads, let's get stuck in. There are people still in that plane."

He wormed his way back into the airliner and reappeared holding a tiny bundle, the twenty-two months old daughter of Mrs. Vera Lukic, who was

Outside-left Albert Scanlon was visited by his wife in hospital soon after the crash. He was rescued from the wreck by his team-mates. They found him pinned under a pile of kit baskets

being given a lift in United's charter plane from Belgrade to London, where her husband was the Yugoslav air attaché.

The baby's face was badly swollen and bruised, but she was still breathing.

Peter Howard, *Daily Mail* photographer, Ted Ellyard of the *Daily Mail*, and the hostesses, Margret Bellis and Rosemary Cheverton, were now at the scene. One of the girls took the baby from Harry Gregg, and Harry dived back inside the plane and reappeared with the baby's mother.

Peter Howard and Ted Ellyard then followed Gregg into the debris.

First they saw Ray Wood, the Manchester United goalkeeper, groaning in pain and pinned by the fearsome weight of an undercarriage wheel. Across him lay his team-mate, Albert Scanlon, trapped under wickerwork baskets filled with the team's playing kit.

Trapped by wheel

The rescuers heaved the baskets aside until they could ease Scanlon towards the rent in the fuselage.

Once outside, they propped him carefully against the baskets and went back for Wood.

Now they were able to jockey the murderous weight of the wheel off his legs; and he too was pulled out.

As Howard edged his way back again, he found Ellyard prying among the debris.

"There's another chap here," Ellyard called. Howard moved nearer and saw a familiar face.

My head was scissored open; a collar bone and ribs were broken, the left elbow pulped, and the right leg just above the ankle smashed. As gently as they could, Ellyard and Howard pulled me outside.

Howard, now assisted by Radio Officer Rodgers, made one last sortie. A patch of light material attracted their attention—a white shirt which heaved slowly as its owner struggled to force life-giving air into his lungs.

It was Ken Morgans, eighteen-year-old right winger, pinned by a spar. With the aid of a crowbar, this was eased away.

As the rescuers sifted the wreckage, petrol dripped on to the snow and the starboard engine still smouldered. Captain Thain, now reinforced by German firefighters from the airport, worked feverishly to prevent the lot going up in smoke.

At last Peter Howard had had enough and staggered away, badly shocked. As he wandered unthinkingly about he saw on the ground a forlorn, crumpled figure.

It was Roger Byrne, the pride of England and the young captain of this great football team. No more would the football fans thunder his name. . . .

Professor Georg Maurer, chief surgeon of Munich's Rechts der Isar Hospital, walked briskly along the corridor of his private patients' section when a hospital orderly burst out of Sister Gilda's room.

Manchester mourns

"Herr Professor. . . . A telephone call for you."

The professor picked up the receiver.

Immediately his beaming smile vanished: "*Ja, Ja . . . Flugzeug* catastrophe at Riem. . . ."

An air crash at Munich Riem airport! The emergency he had prepared for these many years had become stark reality. The professor, who had been decorated with the Iron Cross for his work in saving the lives of both German and Allied soldiers on the beaches of Dunkirk, now set in motion the machinery to save more British lives.

The air crash victims were rushed inside, among them inside-forward Bobby Charlton, lucky to have been thrown clear of the crash with only cuts and shock.

But even as the ambulances arrived Frank Swift, the soccer clown who was also one of the world's greatest goalkeepers, breathed his last.

Manchester's first hint that anything was wrong came in the stop press of the early afternoon editions of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* and the *Manchester Evening News*.

The news boys dashed along the streets shouting: "MANCHESTER UNITED PLANE HELD UP IN MUNICH SNOW STORM."

Almost as soon as these editions hit the streets, the rotary presses were

Sports-writer Frank Taylor, of the News Chronicle, was thought to have died: his newspaper wrote his obituary. Taylor escaped, but spent five months recovering in hospital

Our once-glittering plane

was a smouldering tomb. Now began

our desperate fight for life

THE TRAGEDY OF MUNICH

spewing out fresh editions with a new, more dreadful story: MANCHESTER UNITED PLAYERS IN PLANE CRASH.

Crowds clustered round the newspaper sellers. The B.B.C. broke into their programmes as housewives were tuning in for *Mrs. Dale's Diary*.

A chill hysteria gripped the city. At Old Trafford, Manchester United's ground, the staff made plans to see what help could be offered to the relatives of players and officials

Just how do you tell a wife . . . a mother . . . a sweetheart, that the plane her man was on has crashed, and you don't even know whether he is alive or dead? This was the dilemma as the casualty list mounted.

Some relatives were at Ringway, waiting to meet the team. Others were at home preparing a meal for the returning men.

Like my wife. . . .

She had just brought our two sons, Andrew and Alastair, home from school when the phone rang. Tom Simms, northern sports editor of the *News Chronicle and Daily Dispatch*, was on the line.

He told her that our plane had been in a little accident—but that I was reported safe in hospital. He told her not to worry and that he would be in constant touch.

She put the phone down. Then she picked up the receiver to tell the news to my eldest brother, Bill, in Barrow-in-Furness. She asked him to let my mother know before she heard the news over the wireless.

Then she packed the children into the lounge and switched on the children's television, hoping they might not hear about the accident until she had a clearer idea of what happened.

But the boys saw the news flash on to the television screen. So she explained, in a matter-of-fact voice, that Daddy had been slightly injured but that he was sleeping in a Munich hospital and she might have to go out to Germany and bring him back.

Death roll mounts

In Leeds my eldest sister Vie heard the news over the radio and caught the first train to Manchester. The phone at my home never stopped ringing—and neither did the door bell, as neighbours called to see what help they could give.

That sort of scene was happening in the homes of all those who were aboard that plane.

Slowly the tragic news from Munich filtered through, and the death roll mounted.

Roger Byrne, Eddie Colman, Tommy Taylor, Tom Curry, Bert Whalley, Geoff Bent, Willie Satinoff, David Pegg, Billy Whelan, Mark Jones and Mr. Bela Miklos, who handled United's travel arrangements.

Journalism, too, had suffered the most savage blow in its history. By 8 p.m. it was clear that eight journalists, among them Don Davies, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and Eric Thompson, *Daily Mail*, had died.

Sadly the obituaries were prepared. Mine too.

Despite the early optimistic reports that I was safe and well, no further confirmation had come through. There was no Frank Taylor listed among the survivors . . . only a mysterious Andrew MacDonald, believed to be a member of the crew.

My eldest son's name is Andrew MacDonald Taylor after my Scottish forebears. The boy's name was in my passport.

My wife breathed a prayer. Was it just possible? Could I have been thrown out of the plane and my passport so damaged that the only portion to be salvaged bore the name Andrew MacDonald—with the surname Taylor either torn or burned off?

She telephoned British European Airways, who told her there was no crew member called Andrew MacDonald on the plane, and as far as they knew, there was no passenger of that name either. . . .

Late that night in the operating theatre of the Rechts der Isar Hospital, a short stocky man stirred. On his chest, hastily scrawled in red, was the name Andrew MacDonald. Since early afternoon he had had only fleeting moments of consciousness and to all inquiries he insisted he was Andrew MacDonald.

Relatives fly

He was troublesome when he did come round, struggling with the nurses and doctors at his bedside. Now an English-speaking German doctor questioned him yet again.

The perspiring medical team sighed: the missing survivor had been found. The word was phoned to the *News Chronicle* in Manchester and by Tom Simms to my wife. "Isn't that just like him?" she said with relief. "He can't even remember his own name."

It was now well past midnight and a plane was due to leave Ringway at 9 a.m. Eighteen hours after the crash the relatives were flying to Munich via Paris.

Just after 6 p.m. on the Friday, only twenty-seven hours after the accident, my wife tiptoed into the main operating theatre of the Rechts der Isar Hospital in Munich.

A tube ran into my left foot; another to my nose. The pretty young German woman doctor who had kept vigil at the beside throughout the night and day held her hands out as a balance, and waggled her arms up and down to indicate there was a fifty-fifty chance. "Pneumonia," she said.

Last rites for Matt

Mrs. Busby was given similar news about Matt as she came into the theatre. In fact Matt was so ill that a Roman Catholic priest had administered the last rites. A tracheotomy operation had been necessary to help him breathe.

Johnny Berry, too, had needed a tracheotomy. He lay in a deep coma and he was to remain there for five weeks. Five on the critically injured list were in the operating theatres with a team of doctors watching over them every minute. The other two were Duncan Edwards and Ken Rayment.

The hours which followed were like a monstrous hangover . . . tangled snatches of reality and then a dream world.

Now someone was trying to pour some liquid down my throat in a weirdly-shaped vessel with a tiny spout. Was that my brother Bill standing there two yards from my bed? I opened my mouth to speak to him, but the words wouldn't form. I could just hear his voice, faintly—ever so faintly—as though coming from another world: "Take it easy, Frank."

The snow and sleet were still falling

So Then I Slapped Him

1. "Hallo, hallo," he said. "All dressed up, I see. Something special on today?"
2. "It's time we sorted out who's master in this house," says he.
3. He just sat there smacking his lips and giving a sort of low, throaty chuckle.
4. "Those sloppy plays all end the same way," he said, "and I don't want to miss the boxing."
5. "It's not Brenda's, anyway," he said. "She's a brunette."
6. He put down his knife and fork and said: "That reminds me, I haven't emptied the waste bin."

ANNE SCOTT

Men's Guide To Women's Fashions

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For the frankly fat . . . . *For the colossal.*
Gigi look . . . . *Mutton dressed as lamb.*
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YOU-shaped . . . . *Fits anybody.*
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Flattens tummy-bulge . . . . *Pushes tummy bulge elsewhere.*
Nostalgically cut . . . . *Like grandmother wore.*
A style for extroverts . . . . *A style for show-offs.*
Gown for romantic occasions . . . . *Might do for whist drives.*
For the sophisticated . . . . *For over-fifteens.*

E. S. TURNER

Might As Well Switch Off

They say that conversation has been killed
By television, but it isn't true
In my experience: the room is filled
By non-stop talkers when I want to view.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Note From The Head

We are a little worried about Elsie, who is so keen on her overseas pen-friends that it is difficult to get her to attend to ordinary schoolwork.

We were very pleased when she agreed to exchange letters with one little girl in Paris and another in Alberta. Then she began copying out the French girl's letter for the Canadian girl and vice versa. The French girl, who also corresponds with a German girl, in return sent Elsie copies of the German girl's letters and these she copied out for the girl in Alberta, who soon began sending copies of letters from a Peruvian girl and these Elsie started copying out for her Parisian friend.

We suggested that she should circulate originals and not copies to her other pen-friends, but she feels she wants to keep a full record of all her letters and she does not trust overseas children to return loans. Things have grown worse since a friend gave Elsie the name of a Pakistani girl who was already writing to children in Java, Morocco and Wolverhampton. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

The Man In My Life

Will he be dark or fair?
Bald, or with curly hair?
Kind, his heart of gold,
Or fiery, or cold?
Alert of eye, or sad?
Steady, or slightly mad?
And will he mildly chide,
Or tyrannize, or guide?

What will he be?
Who means so much to me,
Who brings me joy or sorrow,
Who takes my Test tomorrow?

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Bobby Charlton, Manchester United and England forward, pictured here with a friend, Marlene Shapiro, miraculously avoided serious injury. Thrown clear of the crash, he suffered only cuts and shock

monotonously in Munich when Matt Busby and I were wheeled out of the operating theatre into a private room on the Monday morning.

We were back among the living again. But we were not to be together for long: after four days I was moved into a room with Jackie Blanchflower.

The doctors explained that Busby was in need of solitude. I think maybe I was talking too much; everyone was afraid that one slip of the tongue might reveal the full details of the tragedy to him. He was in no state to be told that just yet.

The Jackie Blanchflower I found in Room 406 of the Rechts der Isar Hospital was only a shadow of the man who had thrilled the football crowds. His right arm and pelvis were fractured. But what worried the doctors most was the damage to his kidneys.

Professor Maurer came to see us three times a day. When he got to my bed, my right leg appeared to concern him most. I tried to get a close look at that leg, but all I could see was a huge plaster with a metal cage embedded in it. There was nothing but a dull ache as he fished around with his forceps.

I began to be afraid.

One day I blurted out to my wife: "I know the truth—that leg is infected. Find out whether it's gangrene. I'm not going to let them take that leg off without me knowing about it."

My wife looked at me steadfastly. "Don't be so foolish," she said sternly. "You ought to know they would never do a thing like that after all the care and attention they've given you here. In any case, you don't type with your feet."

The humour of the remark struck home. Then I felt suddenly ashamed and another thought struck me. "Oh God, why have I been spared when so many have not? I'm grateful . . . but why . . . why . . . why?"

Dr. Graham Taylor, of British European Airways, looked serious when he called on Jack Blanchflower and me on the morning of February 26.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you both," he said. "Duncan couldn't quite make it. He died early this morning. I know you won't tell Matt Busby. He is too ill to be told."

The news sank in numbly. Duncan Edwards, just twenty-one years of age, the greatest footballer of his generation, was the eighth young player to die. If he couldn't make it what chance did the much older Matt Busby have? What chance did Blanchflower and I have?

"God help his family," I whispered.

Skin-graft for me

One morning Professor Maurer came to the bedside chirpy as a lark: "Okay, Mr. Taylor, the infection is better. Now we can operate."

I nearly fell out of bed. An operation? I'd never had an operation in my life. I was frightened of being put to sleep—afraid I might never wake up again.

I tried to explain that I didn't want gas. Could he do it by local anaesthetic? He roared with laughter: "This is a skin-graft, Mr. Taylor. A little skin-graft to put over your wounds."

Panic-stricken, I asked: "But where will you take the skin from?"

A young and pretty woman doctor was leaning over, taking a blood test. The professor tapped her lightly on the rump. "From there, Mr. Taylor. But of course. Nothing but the best for you!"

In the operating theatre I looked at the tapered fingers of Frau Doktor Schmidt, the skin-graft specialist. She had nice hands. I hoped they didn't make any mistakes.

The anaesthetist picked her spot in my right arm: "Now see if you can count to ten in German?" I had reached "fünf" after the needle pricked my arm, and then my eyelids started to flutter.

While I was unconscious, Doctor Schmidt removed a strip of skin from my left thigh and placed it carefully on one of the huge gashes on my right leg.

It was six o'clock when I woke, to find my sister at my bedside. My wife had had to fly back to England to see our children safely settled with their grandmother.

Anxiously I felt beneath the bedclothes. My leg was still there. "Can I have a cup of tea?" I asked. . . .

United's triumph

Spring came. On the veranda patients and staff sunned themselves. It was good to be alive. Matt Busby, still very weak, waved a hand as he sat watching a group of German boys playing football.

"Seen any likely lads worth a trial at Old Trafford, Matt?" I shouted across to him. He grinned; he was taking an interest in football again. And that interest was to take wings when we learned that Manchester United had achieved the impossible. Recovering from the effects of the Munich air crash, they had reached the Cup Final for the second year in succession.

But would Matt be fit enough to see his club play Bolton Wanderers at Wembley?

I desperately wanted to go back to see that Cup Final too; I tackled one of the doctors about it. "Young man," he said, "each and every day you should thank Him above who ordained where you sat in that aeroplane."

The last survivor

That's all he said. I knew I wouldn't be going to Wembley, even if Matt did.

Of all the miracles of Munich, the greatest for me was the way Matt Busby, soon to become C.B.E., dragged himself up from the abyss and came back to football.

Thursday, April 18, 1958, is a day I don't forget, as Busby, pale and very shaky, eased his way through the door of room 401. "Hallo, my old pal," he said. "Hope you won't be long following me back to England." And slipped out. I felt terribly lonely.

That's how Busby left Munich to take up his job at Old Trafford and go to Wembley to see Manchester United well beaten 2—0 by Bolton Wanderers in the Cup Final.

Except for my wife, I was left alone, the last of the Munich survivors. I didn't know it then, but I was to stay in Munich another eleven weeks, and there was a lot more surgery to come.

July 2, 1958, was to be Homegoing Day for me—the day of many goodbyes.

I began: "What can I say, Professor? I was in the war five and a half years, now I owe my left arm, my right leg and my life to the skill of German doctors and nurses."

He smiled understandingly. "We did nothing, Herr Taylor. For three days the Angels looked after you . . . then we did our best. Medicine is international. We have been glad to do what we could for all of you."

We were leaving on the midnight train, my wife and I. At eleven o'clock I was wheeled out of the room which had been my home for five months. Six floors down the ambulance was waiting. Through the night we sped, past the neon signs and the well-lighted shops.

"So long, Munich," I whispered. "One day I'll come back on my own two legs." END

© *Frank Taylor, 1960*

The book, "The Day A Team Died," by Frank Taylor, will be published in June by Stanley Paul, price 15s.

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We had

RAFFLES and the gentle wrecker

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

In honour of the Round Table Line's newest ship, due to sail on Monday for Boston, Massachusetts, on her maiden voyage, a weekend house-party was being given by the managing director. So A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, who had been invited by the director's son, Gareth, a member of a club we belonged to, travelled down from London on the Friday.

It was an early train, and we had a compartment to ourselves. Raffles, in tweeds, his keen face tanned, settled down to read the paper. After a while he turned to the shipping page.

"Here's an item about one of our host's ships," he said. " 'January the twelfth. Salvage Association report on the Sir Sagramor, Round Table Lines. Studs renew, shaft draw, bilge keels shell bars repair.' And here's another: 'Rangoon, January the eighth. Round Table Lines steamer Sir Dinadan, Calcutta for Rangoon, general cargo, shipped a heavy sea on the port side on January the sixth causing damage to port bulwarks, second engineer's room and port fiddley casing'."

"My sympathy is with the second engineer," I said. "Are all the ships of our host's company named after King Arthur's knights?"

"All their cargo vessels are," Raffles said, "and always have been. But their two largest vessels are always named King Arthur and Queen Guenever, in honour of the two little trading brigs that the family first started in business with, generations ago. The present King and Queen—this new Queen due to sail on her maiden voyage on Monday—are passenger liners operating on the North Atlantic run to Boston."

Raffles offered me a Sullivan from his cigarette-case.

"A curious thing about our host's family," he said, "is that its members, like its ships, are always given Christian names in the Arthurian canon. Our friend Gareth, for instance—and his father's Christian name is Magus. Also, a branch of the family settled long ago in Boston, to look after the family firm's interests on that side, and the Christian name of Magus's opposite number over there is Uriens."

Our train roared along through a countryside that sparkled white with frost in the morning sunshine.

"I've heard there used to be a third partner in the firm," Raffles said. "His Christian name was Bedivere. He was a dreamy sort of chap—always off roaming the seas of the world, trying to find traces of family ships wrecked years ago. In self-defence Magus and Uriens had finally no option but to ease him out of the firm. I never heard what became of him."

It was getting on for noon when the train steamed into our station, which was right in the docks. All round us were warehouses, cranes, shunted wagons and screaming gulls.

Our friend Gareth was waiting for us on the platform. He looked rather worried.

"Glad to see you both," Gareth said. "The rest of the party have already arrived and my father's taken them on to the new ship. We're having a sort of ship-warming luncheon."

The liner's berth was a scene of activity. Provisions were going aboard. A group of about forty powerful men were heaving on an enormous rope, under the direction of a giant of a fellow with his cap pushed to the back of a shock of red hair.

"That's our shore bos'n," Gareth told us. "Good chap, but a couple of weeks ago he and his gang stumbled on a thing buried in the estuary mud . . . and it looks like ruining my life." Without satisfying our curiosity further, he led the way aboard.

In the ship's dining-saloon, the house party was well away. Everybody had a glass either in his hand or handy. And our host, Gareth's father, Magus, a thickset, bald man with bushy eyebrows, was himself opening another bottle.

Gareth checked, staring at a couple who stood somewhat apart from the rest. He turned to us. He looked even more haggard than before.

"That girl over there," he said, in a low voice. "Brown-haired girl—blue eyes. Standing with a long thin wand of a fellow with grey hair—see 'em? I want you to meet them, but I must warn you, they aren't house party guests. The man's a sort of distant cousin of my father's—Cousin Bedivere. The girl's his daughter Maulfry. They live about a mile up the estuary from our house."

Gareth added: "I'm crazy about Maulfry, was practically engaged to her, but I'm in trouble with her about that thing that was found in the mud. Remember—if they seem cold, it's meant for me, not you."

I was grateful for the information, for, as the girl spotted Gareth approaching, her manner turned not merely cold, but arctic; and all Raffles and I got from her, when Gareth introduced us rather pleadingly, was a sub-zero nod, then she pointedly turned and walked away.

Her father, however, seemed not so much cold as vague. He blinked mildly upon us from his great height. "That was very rude of Maulfry," he said. "I'm truly sorry, Gareth."

Gareth shrugged wretchedly. "She thinks I ought to do something about this find of the shore bos'n's. I've argued my head off with my father—what else can I do, sir?"

"It's a pity the shore bos'n took his find to your father, instead of bringing it to me," Cousin Bedivere said pensively. "It was natural enough, I suppose, since he works for your father. . . . No, it's your father who's doing the moral wrong, Gareth, by proposing to send the find on to Uriens, in Boston, instead of handing it over to me."

He shook his head in a melancholy way. "I've got to tackle him again, Gareth," he said. "I can't bear the thought of that marvellous thing going to Uriens—and going in this, of all ships, on her maiden voyage. If you'll excuse me. . . ." He drifted away.

A minute or two later, a sudden bark of laughter made everyone look round. It was a bark more exasperated than mirthful, and it had come from our host, who was standing with Cousin Bedivere near the service doors standing open to the dining-saloon.

"Dammit, Bedivere!" said Magus. And seeing that everybody was looking at him, he said to us all: "Here, listen to this. This is good. Come on, Bedivere, tell us again; *what* was that you just said?"

"What I said, Magus," Mr. Bedivere replied mildly, "was that it seems my only chance of getting the bos'n's find from you would be to steal it."

With a laugh that strangely mingled amusement, affection and irritability, our host roared: "Hear that, everybody? Why, Bedivere," he said, "there's not a man jack here who doesn't know you're the most impractical fellow who ever lived. You admit it yourself. *You* trying to crack a crib, eh? That'd be the day!"

"I could hire someone, perhaps," Bedivere murmured musingly. "Some skilled criminal. . . ."

"Hear him?" said our host. "Now, Bedivere—ask yourself, dammit! Where would you find your skilled criminal? What would you do—advertise for him? D'you think fellows like that go around handing out their business cards? You see, man? You aren't practical. Believe me, anything you

no choice. Only a crime could melt the heart of this proud beauty—and it was criminal not to try . . .

Now Raffles knew that the odds were fantastic. Forty men with cudgels were waiting for him to make a slip

continued from previous page

could manage to steal from me, or organize to get stolen for you, I give you my permission to keep, you have my word for it. Why, man. . . ."

He was cut short by Maulfry, who moved forward quickly. "I think there's been just about enough of this," she said, in a taut voice, and took Cousin Bedivere's glass from him. "Come along, Father."

"Now, Maulfry, no need to get in a huff," said our host, huffily.

"Maulfry!" begged Gareth, in a panic. "Please don't go like that——"

But Maulfry took her father's arm, and steered him firmly away across the dining-saloon. They left behind them an uncomfortable silence.

NOT a word was said at luncheon about the incident in the galley. But I sensed that, while sympathy was about evenly divided between our host and Cousin Bedivere, the incident itself was generally regretted. However, the luncheon went gaily enough. It lasted far into the afternoon; and the winter dusk was closing in over the docks when at last we all streamed down the gangway, for the drive to our host's home.

It was a palatial place overlooking the estuary. Lights shone hospitably from the mullioned windows, and a butler, footman and maid took our coats and things and placed them temporarily on one of a number of large coffers which stood about the hall. It was a huge hall, lofty and panelled, with a gallery landing and, high up, a big sort of dome or cupola of coloured glass in which were set small ventilator-windows that could be opened on ratchets worked from below by cords.

"Bunny," Raffles murmured, "I may be wrong, but I rather think I spy the thing that was found in the mud."

Startled, I followed his glance. Across the hall, and opposite the main doorway by which we had entered, above a large oaken coffer, there leaned gracefully from the landing banisters a carven image. It was of timeworn wood, with a scoured, defaced appearance, yet still there lingered about it a sort of serene beauty. It was the life-size image of a woman, so carved as to suggest the folds of her simple garment, her arms crossed over the long braids of her hair, a crown upon her brow.

"It's a ship's figurehead, Bunny," Raffles said. "And d'you recognize who it is? Queen Guenever!"

GARETH joined us. "I see you've spotted her," he said. "Yes, there she is. And you have seen how I stand with Maulfry. Yet, the very day our shore bos'n made his find, I was looking round our garden trying to find the first snowdrop of the year for Maulfry." He flushed slightly. "It's sort of 'our' flower—the snowdrop. . . ."

"I take it, of course," Raffles said, "that this is the figurehead of one of those two little trading brigs with which your family originally started in the shipowning business?"

"Yes," Gareth said. "And Cousin Bedivere's spent his life getting together a collection of our old figureheads. He's hunted high and low for the figurehead of the first Queen Guenever."

"And your father's sending her to Boston," Raffles said. "It really does seem hard. What's his motive, Gareth?"

"Bedivere's own good—in my father's opinion," Gareth said wryly. "It's always troubled him that Bedivere hasn't got a bean. It doesn't trouble Bedivere though—he's not the type. He won't take any kind of subsidy from my father. And Maulfry wouldn't hear of it. She teaches drawing at a school, earns her own living."

Gareth was staring gloomily at the figurehead: "Uriens, over in Boston, has a few of the knight figureheads that Bedivere lacks. Uriens would like to have Bedivere's whole collection. He's a rich man and has offered Bedivere a thumping price for it. My father thinks that if this queen figurehead goes to Uriens, Bedivere will realize that he never can complete the circle of the Round Table—king, queen and knights—and will chuck up the sponge and accept Uriens's offer. Of course, my father's tragically wrong, but you just can't make him see it. He always thinks he knows what is best for people."

A footman sounded the dressing gong and Gareth said: "I'll show you your rooms."

WE had adjoining rooms at the end of the gallery landing and, when I was dressed, I went into Raffles's room to get his views on the situation.

"You and I can't help Bedivere, Bunny," Raffles said. "We can't rob a house in which we're guests. The odds would be all in our favour."

"Quite," I said, relieved.

But, during dinner, in a quite astonishing way, the entire picture altered.

The butler came to our host, murmured something to him. "Shore bos'n?" Magus said. "All forty volunteered, have they? Right! Tell him I'll be out in a minute."

"What on earth's the shore bos'n's gang doing here?" said Gareth.

MAGUS said grimly: "I made a fool of myself this morning, I admit it. Thinking it over afterwards, a nasty idea struck me. Dock thieves! Bedivere's always poking about the docks. He may know someone who could put him in touch with dock thieves."

"But you can't really believe that Bedivere will take up your incredible challenge?" Gareth exclaimed. "Why, Maulfry would never allow it!"

"I'm taking no chances," said his father. "I was a fool, but what I said, I said." He pointed belligerently at the door to the hall. "There's the figurehead, and there it stays till Monday morning—as I'd planned. I'm having our shore bos'n and his forty good, hard chaps put a tight cordon round this house tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday night. Daytime's no danger—too many people about the house."

HE added: "The bos'n's forty are armed with cudgels and will use 'em. There will be a reward of a hundred pounds for the man who collars anybody trying to get into the house—or out of it with that figurehead."

I glanced cautiously at Raffles. His face was impassive, but I had a sudden premonition that made my heart thump. And when we all went up to bed, I waited until the house was quiet, then nipped into his room. It was in darkness, but I heard his whisper.

"I'm over here by the window," he said. "Well, Bunny? I think you'll agree that the odds are now so long against us—forty-one to two—that we can break our rule, for once, and try to rob a house we're staying in?"

"I don't like it, Raffles," I said. "That figurehead's life-size. True, it's wood, but it's teak or oak and it'll take both of us to carry it. If we are caught, it'd mean not only a manhandling, but social ruin. Raffles, why risk it?"

Raffles chuckled in the darkness. "The figurehead was found almost on Bedivere's own doorstep," he said. "It's going to reappear on his actual doorstep, for him to find for himself this time!"

"How?" I said.

Raffles slightly parted the curtains and peered from the window. "Yes," he said, "a very interesting crib. Sleep on it for tonight, Bunny. We've two more nights."

OUR host, Magus, was in the hall when we went down in the morning. "Well, Manders," he chuckled, looking up at the figurehead. "She's still safe and sound, you see."

My laugh was a bit forced as I accompanied our host into the dining-room, where several guests were breakfasting.

"What d'you all want to do today?" said Magus. "It's Saturday. I suggest the races. There's a jumping meeting on this afternoon."

"Races?" said Raffles. "Splendid idea."

I sensed that the mention of races was good news to him, for some reason; and when we got to the races, I saw his keen glance roving everywhere. I asked him what he was looking for.

"Some of those secretive folk that any race meeting seems to draw like a magnet," he said. "Yes, there are a few—away over there. Bunny, I'm going to get my palm read. See you later."

THAT night, when I had dressed for dinner, I went and tackled Raffles in his room.

"Now, look here," I said, "I grant that gipsies are the cleverest poachers alive and can move like shadows at night, but not even gipsies could get through that cordon of forty men."

"I wouldn't dream of asking them to try," said Raffles. "They might get hurt. Still, I bought a very good long rope from them, had it wound round me under my coat when we came back from the races. It's in my bag there."

He took a clean handkerchief from his dressing-table drawer.

"I took a prowl through the house after you left me last night, Bunny," he said. "At the end of the gallery landing there's a baize-covered door. Behind it

BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

Skid skilfully —and live

THE all-important thing to remember when driving on snow and ice is to do your accelerating, gear-changing and braking as smoothly as possible. Hard snow can increase braking distances by as much as ten times.

The first skid, when the rear end of the car tries to change places with the front (and will if you don't take immediate action), is frightening. But it holds no terrors for the skilled driver.

What does he do when faced with the most common form of skidding—the rear-wheel skid?

He reduces speed at once by taking his foot off the throttle. Then he drives into the skid. In other words, if the tail of his car skids to the left, he turns the steering wheel to the left, but only for as long as is needed to correct the skid.

When the car is back on course, he accelerates very gently. At no time does he panic and apply the brakes fiercely. If he did, the front wheels would be locked and he'd have no steering.

Use higher gear

The car would go on moving, regardless of the direction in which the front wheels were pointing, until it came to a stop.

Many drivers seem to think that their lowest gear should be used on snow or ice, but this is not advisable. A car can be kept pulling steadily in third or top, but a slight variation in pressure on the accelerator produces a wheel-spin in first or second gear.

If when trying to climb a hill which is snow- or ice-covered you come to a stop with wheels spinning and can't restart even with the aid of brushwood, grit or car mats, let the car run down again slowly. Accelerate as much as possible on the flat, and keep running steadily on a light throttle all the way to the top.

Don't try speed

Avoid the temptation of changing gears, or trying to increase speed; steady and continuous progress is needed. Providing the camber is not excessive, keep to the nearside, so that you can soon run back into the kerb if necessary.

When driving down a hill, apply the brakes very gently on and off from time to time, to prevent the wheels locking.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

is a narrow staircase, leading to another door—a small one, bolted. Shoot the bolts and you step out on to the roof, right alongside the great bulge of the glass dome over the hall."

He looked at me with a dancing vivacity in his eyes.

"Now, as to the fastenings of the queen's figurehead," he said. "A rod screwed to the foot of one of the landing banisters holds the shoulders of the figure by a simple hook, and another hook holds the feet. One has only to *raise* the figure a little, Bunny, as though one were lifting off an inn sign, and it's free."

The dinner-gong sounded just then.

Just on one o'clock in the morning, Raffles slipped silently into my room.

"Ready Bunny," he whispered. "Right. Phase One. We stand on the oaken coffer under the figurehead. We lift the queen off her hooks. We hide her—inside the coffer. . . ."

It went without a hitch. We worked in pitch darkness. The only sound we made was a slight creak as Raffles raised the heavy, hinged lid. We stole back upstairs to my room.

"So far, so good," Raffles whispered. "Now to deal with the men outside—Phase Two. Round my waist I have the rope. I'm now going on to the roof. While I'm gone, off with your clothes and into your dressing-gown."

I TORE off my clothes in the dark. I could not imagine what Raffles was doing on the roof. Those little ratchet-windows in the dome could only be opened a few inches by the long cords.

Suddenly there was an almighty crash of glass. It frightened the wits out of me. I stood there, hardly able to breathe, let alone move. I heard a gabble of voices on the landing, shouts from outside in the grounds. I heard our host, Magus, bawling for lights.

When at last I broke through the nightmare inhibition that held me, and threw open my door, there were lights everywhere, and guests in their night-clothes. I stepped to the landing banister, looked down into the hall, certain that I should see A. J. Raffles lying there. But there was only broken glass in the middle of the hall floor, and Magus, our host, unbolting the front door, on which someone was pounding.

It was the huge, red-haired shore bos'n. The shipowner gripped his jerseyed arm, pulling him in, and pointed up at the dome. Looking up, I saw that there was a great forked-lightning-shaped hole in it, with a length of rope with a noose in it hanging through.

"See that, Bos'n?" said the shipowner. "Dock thieves! They got one of the small windows in the dome open, shone a light down through it on to the figurehead. They let down a rope, noosed the figurehead, pulled it up and jerked it right through the glass."

"That's a dock thieves' trick, all right," the shore bos'n said grimly. "They fish like that, with a rope, through warehouse skylights. They'll never get the figurehead away, though, sir. I set two of my men climbing up on to the roof immediately."

A face appeared in the jagged hole in the dome. "Bose! Not a sign of 'em, Bose. Just their rope, up here."

I felt Raffles beside me. He was in his dressing-gown. He looked up gravely at the hole in the dome. "Appalling thing, that, Bunny," he said.

"Now, listen to me, Bos'n," said our host, down in the hall. "Divide your men into two sections. One section is to search every inch of the grounds here. Send the other section at the double to Mr. Bedivere's house, throw a cordon round it. If those dock thieves try to reach him with the figurehead, grab 'em. But mark this—none of your men is to enter Mr. Bedivere's actual garden or premises. If that figurehead reaches his property, then I concede—and I'll admit I never dreamed he had it in him. Now, off you go!"

SUDDENLY the butler, imperturbably wearing a scarf instead of a boiled shirt, came into the hall bearing a large tray loaded with decanters and glasses. He set it down on the very coffer where the queen's figurehead lay serene and safe under the big oaken lid.

"Good butler, that, Bunny," said Raffles. "I can do with a drink."

We went down the stairs and joined the other guests all crowding round the coffer to be served drinks.

Soon the excellent butler spirited forth hot coffee and sandwiches; and, towards three, our host gave up.

He called in the shore bos'n, said: "No point in beating about out there any longer. Mr. Bedivere's thieves have pulled it off, that's obvious. You and your men had better get along to your homes and get some sleep." He looked round at the rest of us. "We'd *all* better get some sleep."

When the house was once more dark and silent, Raffles slipped again into my room. "Phase Three, Bunny," he whispered. "Now that the shore bos'n's gang have all gone, our friends will have crept in and will be waiting."

"Friends?" I breathed.

"Couple of gipsies," said Raffles, "who're going to carry the figurehead to Mr. Bedivere's doorstep for us, and leave it—with a message."

IN the icy darkness we lifted the queen out of the coffer, carried her into the dining-room. Raffles unlatched one of the tall windows. We lifted the queen over the sill. Invisible hands bore her away from us. Raffles latched the window and, quietly, we went up to bed.

On the Monday morning, the fine new liner, the Queen Guenever, moved with proud majesty down the estuary, bound for Boston.

On the way to the station afterwards, Gareth driving us, Raffles said that he would be sorry to go back to London without seeing Mr. Bedivere's collection. Gareth demurred a little, appearing nervous about his reception by Maulfry; but finally he took us to the house up the estuary road.

Cousin Bedivere opened the door.

"Ah, Gareth," he said. "I was really expecting your father, but he hasn't been near me yet. He'll never believe, of course, that the figurehead just appeared on my doorstep. Quite uncanny."

"Maulfry has some theory about it, but she won't tell me what it is. She has no Monday drawing-class at the school till this afternoon, so she's helping me. I rely on her very much in my rehabilitation work. Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders might like to see my Noble Circle? This way. . . ."

THE first person I saw was Maulfry, a palette in one hand, a paint-brush in the other. She was standing on a step-ladder.

Raffles and I both bowed, but she seemed hardly to see us. She was gazing with an extraordinary expression at Gareth. It embarrassed me, and I gave my attention to the room.

From all round the walls, at a height of about eight feet, the ring of figure-heads leaned as though breasting invisible seas. The paint and gilding shining again with a splendour as of old.

Maulfry had been in the act of rehabilitating Queen Guenever. With eyes of painted blue, the immortal queen was restored to her youth, to her royal place at the right hand of her king, in the circle of her trusty knights.

Under each figurehead was a wooden shield with the name painted in gilt: Sir Lancelot; Sir Brian des Isles; Sir Sagramor-le-Desirous (whose modern namesake recently had had its studs renewed, shaft drawn, bilge keels shell bar repaired) and several others.

BUT over some of the shields were gaps. Sir Galahad was missing; Sir Pertelope; Sir Kay; Sir Bleobaris.

"Uriens, of Boston, has some of them," said Cousin Bedivere. "But when he hears that I now have Queen Guenever as well as King Arthur himself, I'm sure he'll give me best and send me what he has—like the good fellow he is at heart." His tone changed. "Why, Maulfry!" he said, astonished.

His daughter, putting aside her palette and brush, had stepped down suddenly from the ladder, gripped Gareth's shoulders and kissed him long and hard on the lips. Linking arms with Gareth, she turned to us, smiled radiantly, and said: "What were you saying, Father?"

Gareth looked as bewildered as if he had been transported abruptly to paradise. I remarked on it to Raffles, in the train returning to London.

RAFFLES smiled. "The fact is, Bunny," he said, "we didn't break just one of our hard-and-fast rules this weekend—the one about never robbing a house in which we were guests. We also broke our other rule never to let an innocent person bear the onus of a crime committed by ourselves.

"What Gareth fails to understand, as yet, about the feminine mind, Bunny, is that it always responds to a *fait accompli*. Still, I hope he'll have sense enough to understand his position and keep his own counsel—at least, until after they're married. Then, if he feels he simply must, he can break his denial to her gently."

"His denial of what?" I said, mystified.

Raffles offered me a Sullivan from his cigarette-case.

"As I told you," he said, "I instructed our two gipsy friends to leave a message on the figurehead when they laid it by night on Mr. Bedivere's doorstep, sounded the knocker, and slipped away. The message wasn't in written form, Bunny."

"In what form was it, then?" I said, staring.

"In the form of a small bouquet of 'their' flower—Gareth's and Maulfry's. Remember, Bunny?" His eyes danced.

"Snowdrops," said A. J. Raffles.

THE END

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THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

The murder of Elaine Williams, aged eighteen, found strangled on common ground bordering a by-pass.

MRS. WILLIAMS:

I am her mother. I'll never forgive myself for letting Elaine go out last night. But she was so looking forward to the dance. I'd made her a new frock and was finishing off a little stole to go with it. My husband and I thought she was going with Sydney Jarvis, a steady boy whom we both like. When she told me at the last minute that Rodney Smith was taking her in his sports car, I spoke very sharply to her. I don't like her going with him. He's a loose-living young man and he drives too fast. I told her she could finish the stole herself, and she did so. But I should have forbidden her to go out.

RODNEY SMITH:

I'm Rodney Smith. It's true that I took Elaine to the dance, and I also brought her back. But I had nothing to do with this. I dropped Elaine at the corner of her street, a quarter of a mile from where she was found. She wouldn't let me drive her to the door in case her parents were waiting up and there would be unpleasantness. I know they think I drive too fast. Well, I do, and that's my alibi for last night. We left the dance at twelve o'clock, and I was home by twenty past—a distance of eight miles. The by-pass is well-lit—sodium lamps all the way—and you can keep up seventy. That's what I did—apart from stopping for a quick kiss and to let Elaine out. When could I have had time to murder her?

SYDNEY JARVIS:

My name is Sydney Jarvis, and I am ready to swear that Smith is lying. He did stop at the common with Elaine, and they both got out. I saw them. I know this sounds like the jealous lover, but it's true. I hadn't seen Elaine for a fortnight, and was upset when she told me on the phone that she wouldn't go to the dance with me. I moped around at home all evening, and went out for a walk before going to bed. I passed the common, and saw a red sports car stop under a lamp and a man and girl get out. I am positive that girl was Elaine. She was wearing the light red and green stole that I now know was found by her body. I don't care what kind of alibi Rodney Smith has got, and I can't detect the flaw in his story, but I'm absolutely certain that he killed her.

Turn to page 35 for the Inspector's comment

Man grabs girl . . . and the girl is Leslie Caron. In her new film she's a very different kind of star from the *Gigi* waif—for she's afraid of being "typed"

The case of the FRIGHTENED

LESLIE CARON, the waif-like star of *Gigi*, has gone "beat." In her latest film—*The Subterraneans*—she has been transformed into a love-hungry damsel let loose among the Bohemian stews of San Francisco.

A far cry, this, from the Caron who wheedled her way to the top through the whimsies of *Daddy Long Legs* and the doubtful innocence of *Gigi*.

For Miss Caron is the girl who is afraid of being "typed." At twenty-seven, married to the director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the mother of two children, she feels burdened by her "waif" label.

She did her homework for this new film among the jazz cellars of America's West Coast. Dressed in a sloppy sweater (the beatnik uniform), she visited such haunts of the arty-and-crafty as "The Spaghetti Factory and Old Excelsior Coffee House." Here jazz men blow the baritone-sax and talk about themselves and Jack Kerouac—America's prophet of the inarticulate, on whose weird novel the film is based.

The result has been that Miss Caron had discarded a shoal of inhibitions. In the film, instead of men cajoling her for favours, she goes trouser-chasing. At the receiving end of her attentions is a new up-and-comer, George Peppard.

Vital

The success of this effort is vital to Leslie Caron, now idly planning to join husband Peter Hall in Stratford. She has no further signed-and-sealed work plans.

For *The Subterranean* marks the end of her Hollywood contract. And, firmly but sweetly, she is refusing to sign another.

"People expect me to repeat myself," she complains. "They come to me with parts like the last one I played, but I send them away.

"As soon as I have done something, I forget it. I don't want to do it again. And I will not play any character unless I find her interesting."

By all accounts, she would get £100,000 a throw if she would consent to do something like *Gigi Rides Again*.

"I get similar scripts offered weekly," she says. "I turn them down."

So far no British producer has been able to sign her up—and no wonder. She has scant respect for the remote anecdotes that pass for film subjects over here.

Leslie Caron is, indeed, a case. The Case, to exhume Edgar Wallace, of the Frightened Lady—but one with a steely mind beneath the surface nerves.

She had even worked out a formula for revolt: "It's quite simple. If you're under contract and don't like the script that's offered, get suspended

The two faces of Leslie Caron. Below, the "innocent" look of *Gigi*; and on the right the love-hungry girl of *The Subterraneans*. She is choosy about which rôles she will play—"It must be a character that I find interesting." Her latest: a man-chaser in the weird world of the American beatniks

The third face of Miss Caron . . . as a wife and mother. Husband Peter Hall is director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. As mother of two she is tired of "little girl" parts

by Robert Ottaway

LADY

and live on the money you've put by. In six months' time, another script will turn up. And you might like it."

The trouble with independence of this stature is that the public easily forgets. Memories flicker and fade. And the *Gigi* girl, now the brightest star of this season, may be a mere excuse for nostalgia in the next.

Proof

"I don't mind about that," says Miss Caron. "In any case, I don't believe it is true of the great actors and actresses like Olivier or Edith Evans. And I would far rather be a great actress one day than a great star now."

It's a far hop from ballet, where Miss Caron began, to "beat." *The Subterraneans* will prove one thing. It will show if she has the hopping power to keep her *Gigi* public. END

The dog who became jealous

by ROBERT HORSFALL

All day he's in heaven: she pets and fusses him...then that man comes home

AN engineer went home to Northolt one evening and bent down to pat his dog. Without any warning, the animal bit him. Then it happened again. And after being bitten three times in a week he began to wonder what had happened to his pet, which normally was good-natured.

Then suddenly the dog went haywire. He got into every kind of mischief. One night he went into the bedroom where the engineer and his wife were sleeping, jumped on to the bed, wedged his feet against his master's body and pushed him over the edge.

Next day the owner telephoned me at the Canine Defence League's dog "reform school" at Hampton, Middlesex, and asked me to take the animal in hand.

I soon found the reason for his pet's behaviour. When the engineer was at work his wife fussed and pampered the dog until her husband came home. Then she transferred her affections to him, and the dog was ignored.

So the dog developed a jealous resentment against the husband, and in time it became an obsession.

It's our fault

A month's obedience course at the school ironed out this kink, and the owners did not repeat their mistake. Their pet has given no further trouble.

As superintendent of the Hampton school I have never known a dog which was *born* bad. All those which go off the rails are the victims of faulty treatment by humans—and ninety per cent of owners do not realize that the fault is theirs. Only ten per cent are deliberately cruel. No dog bites the hand that feeds it—or any other hand—unless it is suffering from mental trouble.

Some dogs are ruined by too much kindness. A miniature poodle sent to me by a woman owner had been so pampered that it regarded itself as the master. It snapped at anyone who tried to impose his will on it.

Others are affected by the personality of their owners. A Plymouth woman was so excitable that she brought her pet—she called it Nutkins—to the edge of hysteria. At last it went berserk. A few weeks' training restored its balance.

As with humans, a psychological defect in a dog can be caused by an experience in its earlier life. An alsatian was sent to our clinic because he chased motor-cycles.

I found that the dog had been knocked down as a puppy by a motor-cycle, and had broken a foreleg.

I put him through an obedience course, then introduced him to a motor-cycle. At first he nearly went crazy, but by slow degrees he learned to accept the machine even when it was at full throttle. Then we took him for regular rides in a basket strapped to the pillion. One morning I saw him race across to the machine, leap into the basket and sit there eager to be off. He now has no trace of his old complex.

Scared of water

One dog—a red setter—had a neurotic fear of water because he had been thrown into the Thames when he was a puppy. Later he became aggressive to people strolling along the river bank. After a few weeks at Hampton he got used to water and was sent back home. Two months later the owner's three-year-old son went with the dog for a walk by the river, and fell in. The setter dived after him and held the boy's head above water until help arrived.

Dogs which arrive for a course of training are first given a fortnight to get to know their handlers. Then they have an obedience course of up to eight weeks. When they are under control, their backgrounds are investigated to

continued on page 41

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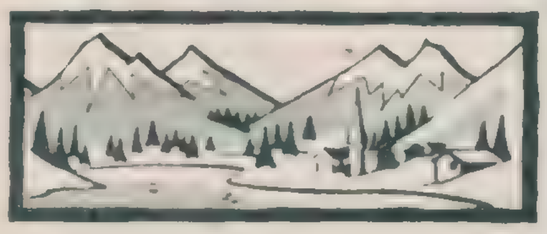

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by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

IN this country we have no mountains that those who come from truly mountainous regions—the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Dolomites—would consider worthy of the name. I once heard a Swiss guide in Zermatt refer to Snowdon as a pimple.

Be that as it may, Snowdonia is one of the loveliest holiday areas of Britain, especially in late spring or early autumn.

Ben Nevis, a few miles south-east of Fort William, in Inverness-shire, is our highest mountain—at 4,406 feet. And compared with monsters rising to ten, fifteen or twenty thousand feet, that is small beer.

But what we lack in quantity we make up in quality. The Scottish Grampian and Cairngorm mountains, the fells of Cumberland and Westmorland, the Northumberland Cheviots, the Black mountains of Brecon—all of these are superbly beautiful. Lying as they do on our own doorstep, they offer comparatively cheap holidays.

Don't be reckless

A word of warning, however. The fact that our mountains lack the glaciers, vast snowfields and soaring rock faces of the great mountains of the world does *not* mean that they can be safely tackled by the tiro. On the contrary; it would be the height of folly for a novice to attempt many of the climbs in such ranges as the Cairngorms.

If you get into trouble, brave men will risk their lives to save yours. Always act on the advice given by local experts. Never attempt any climb you have been told is beyond your ability.

Should you wish to learn to climb, in the serious sense, the Central Council of Physical Recreation, 6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, will send information about its training courses.

If you simply want to walk in high places, to know the invigoration of mountain air, to stretch your legs safely against a background of soaring peaks, then our mountain regions cannot be bettered. In Wales, Scotland and the north country, there are scores of small towns and villages that can offer you exactly your sort of holiday.

The British Travel and Holidays Association, 64 St. James's Street, London, W.1, can supply useful leaflets; the Youth Hostels Association, 29 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, has many hostels in suitable regions; and any public library can lend you topographical books. The County Series, published by Robert Hale Ltd., is excellent.

You have your eye on mountains far away, in foreign parts? Again, if it is real climbing you have in mind, it must be under expert supervision, and you would be wise to train in this country first.

But if it is mountain walking that attracts you, here are some suggestions.

The Pyrenees, on both the French and Spanish sides, offer superb walking country. Providing you are in condition for this sort of thing, simply take a rucksack and a good map, and set your own course. The French Government Tourist Office at 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1, or the Spanish National Tourist Office, 70 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, will send leaflets enabling you to plan a rough tour.

On the other side of France, the Savoy mountains are just as beautiful.

In their lower reaches they are more populated than the Pyrenees. If you want a fixed base, one of the many enchanting villages in the region of Lake Annecy would be a suitable choice.

The Jura and Vosges mountains are comparatively unknown, and because of this, hotel prices are lower than in the more popular tourist areas.

In Switzerland, the hills that roll up to the French frontier make glorious walking country; so do the valleys that run south from the Rhône. Saas-Fée, for example, is ideally situated.

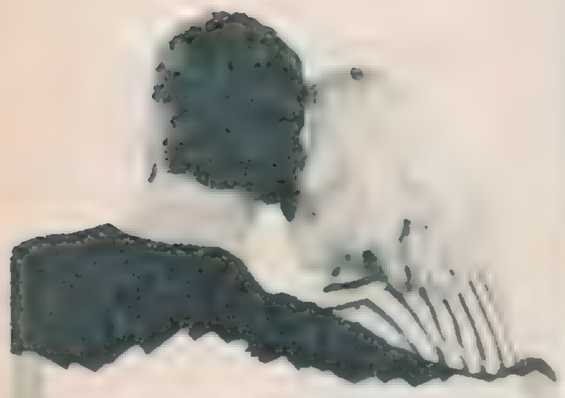
The Austrian Tyrol is stiff with villages that make marvellous walking centres. So is Bavaria.

Drama in the sun

The lower slopes of the Italian Dolomites, too, are splendidly beautiful; and farther west, the Val d'Aosta is as good. Both these northern regions of Italy are scenically dramatic and blessed with a hot summer sun. They would be my first choice.

For serious walking you will need a pair of good mountain boots large enough to be worn, comfortably, over thick socks. Ideally, break them in before your holiday starts. On the other hand, shops in mountain regions offer a far wider range of boots than is readily available in this country, at very reasonable prices.

But whatever you put on your feet, harden them by training walks at home before you set off. END



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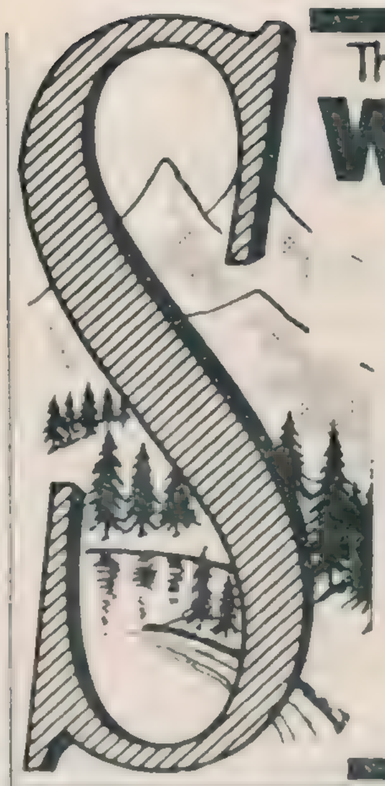

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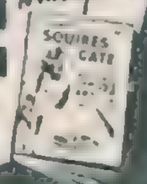

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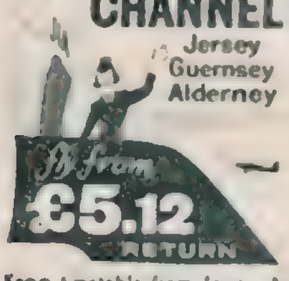

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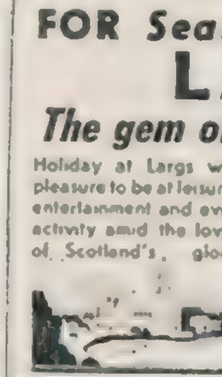

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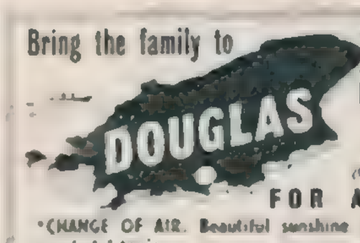

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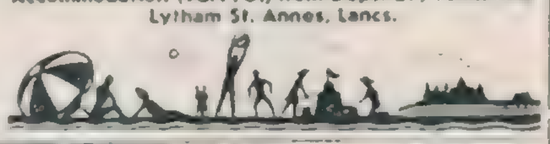

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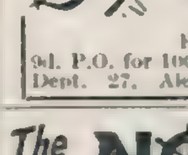

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The burning eye

continued from page 11

fleece you." He leaned back in his chair and stretched his arms. "What a dump this place is. Mustn't grumble, though. Gives me a breathing space. Funny how something always turns up, isn't it? A real lucky break."

Fisher frowned. "That's hardly how I would describe it."

"Why not? Got to be realistic. I'm as sorry as anyone. But also, old boy, there's no escaping the facts. For Royce, it puts off the evil day."

Fisher shook his head. "Some day your luck will run out. I'd like to see you then." He cocked an eye at Royce, running his hand over his beard, and he smiled. "You know, I once spent a sketching holiday on Dartmoor. Fascinating colours——"

"All right," Royce interrupted sharply. "No details." But over the cards he was seeing the grim, dark moor and the shuffle of herded men. He dropped his cards on the table. "You play patience with yourself, old boy. You ever think of using your talents properly?"

"But of course."

"You need a manager. Now, if you can make drawings of fivers and pound notes. You'd be surprised how easy they are to place."

"Go and jump in the lagoon," Fisher said easily.

"Not me, old boy. They say it's full of crocodiles. It's stopped raining. I think I'll go for a stroll."

ROYCE lit a cigarette, put his hands into his pockets and strolled. Halfway up the causeway a dark, squatting shape rose upright slowly. He recognized Yousseff, a grass plaited basket tucked under his arm.

"What are you doing?"

Yousseff pointed to a culvert.

"Fish trap, sir. They come through hole and put heads in net. Yousseff pick them out. Very easy. Mister look for something to do?" He turned suddenly and cuffed at the darkness behind him. A small boy took a crack on the head and retired about five yards.

In Sugulli, Royce thought, the boys never went to bed. "What I want is something on four wheels that goes—and don't offer me that truck of yours."

"Damn good Americano jeep?"

"Don't pull my leg."

"For bottle of whisky, tell you where to see jeep. Only come today."

"Half a bottle. Tomorrow."

"Okay" Yousseff turned and said something in Somali to a small boy, and then said to Royce, "Boy show you, for two cigarettes."

Royce handed Yousseff two cigarettes. Yousseff handed one to the boy and put the other in his pocket.

"You follow boy. Not far."

THE boy began to move back along the causeway to the mainland and Royce followed him as he padded barefooted along the fringe of reeds, following the line of the lagoon. The reeds were so high that only now and again did Royce get a glimpse of the water.

After about half a mile the lagoon threw off a long arm of reeds across their path and Royce saw that a narrow passageway had been cut through it. Half-way along the passage the boy turned. "Au Hiltir. . . ." He gave a quick shake of his body.

The boy hurried on and in a few minutes they were climbing a long ridge of sand dune. The surface of the lagoon opened up to their left. At the top of the ridge the boy sat down.

"Well? Where's the jeep?"

The boy pointed ahead. He clearly had no intention of coming any farther.

A couple of hundred yards away at the foot of the ridge Royce saw a clump of small trees and the corner of a building.

"All right. You cut along. I can manage from here." He tossed the boy another cigarette.

The house had a wooden balcony added to the front overlooking the lagoon. A wooden structure on the flat roof was supported on poles and the top and sides were thatched except for the side overlooking the lagoon. The trees crowded close around it.

UNDERNEATH them on the house side a jeep was parked. Its canopy was up and it was covered with dust and drying mud. Royce walked slowly round it. The ignition key was gone from the dashboard but he had no intention of using it that night. That it was here was enough for the moment.

He was about to turn away, through the trees and up the ridge, when something pricked him gently in his back through the cloth of his jacket. He turned slowly and found himself facing two Somalis.

They were both short and were as alike as twins. One of them held a short-handled spear pointing now an inch from his chest.

The man without the spear stepped forward and pointed to the house. Royce saw that his left arm ended at the elbow. Royce went towards the house, the man with the spear behind him, to the lagoon balcony.

As they came on to the balcony a man stepped through a doorway. The leading Somali stopped and said something in his own language. The man answered, looking at Royce with amusement twisting his mouth. Behind him, Royce could see a tall, good-looking Somali woman.

The Somalis drifted away. "Come in," he said to Royce, his voice unmistakably American, "and have a drink. You must be either the doctor, or the one they want for fraud."

AS he stood aside, Royce passed into the room. The woman went to a table and began to arrange drinks.

"A good guess," said Royce easily.

"Sit down and have a drink." The man pushed a chair forward. "You're not the doctor. He'd wear uniform. Fraud, eh? I heard it was for half a million."

"Lire, dollars, or pounds?"

"Pounds."

The Somali woman began to pour whisky into two glasses.

"I'm not in that class, yet." Royce smiled. "Thirty thousand."

"So. Well, news gets a little exaggerated when it travels. I'm Harmer. Mining engineer. My wife."

Royce bowed as the woman turned and smiled at him and then went out.

Harmer laughed. "What are you doing out here?"

"Two helpings of Yousseff's spaghetti need some walking down."

Harmer nodded. "And you came through that little cut in the reeds? Clever to find it. Brave to come through it, too. Crocodiles."

"I was a Boy Scout."

"When you've finished that drink," said Harmer, "I'll run you back."

They drove back along a narrow track around the lagoon. In the back sat the Somalis. "Do your boys always travel with you?" Royce asked.

"Omar and Awan? Everywhere, son. Omar's the one without the arm."

HE parked the jeep by Dracopoli's headquarters. Royce thanked him, and went into the *Albergo Commercio*. Yousseff was in the kitchen.

"You find jeep, sir?"

"I came back in it—with Mr. Harmer."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Harmer. Very fine man. I get bottle of whisky now?"

"Not now, or ever. The jeep's no good. I couldn't get the ignition key."

Yousseff jerked his fox-cub head. "Me, I work for Mr. Harmer once. I lose spare key for jeep. This evening I find key. . . ."

His hand opened to show the key.

Royce laughed. "You'll go far. He

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

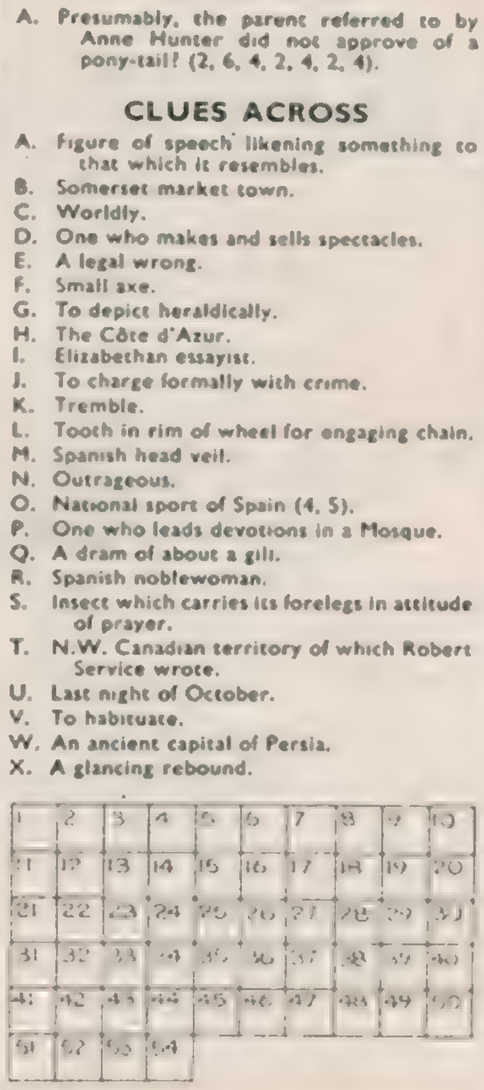
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

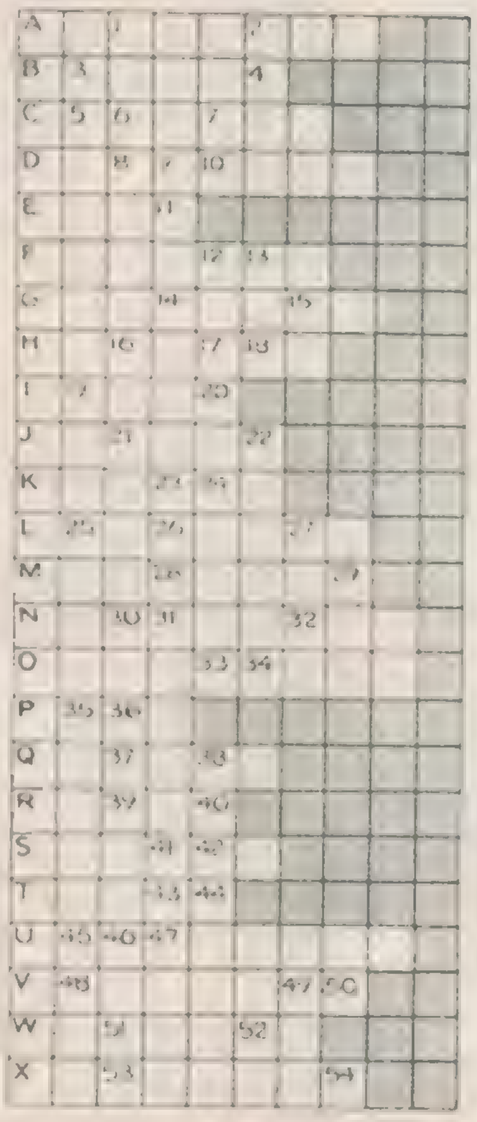
CLUE DOWN

A. Presumably, the parent referred to by Anne Hunter did not approve of a pony-tail? (2, 6, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4).

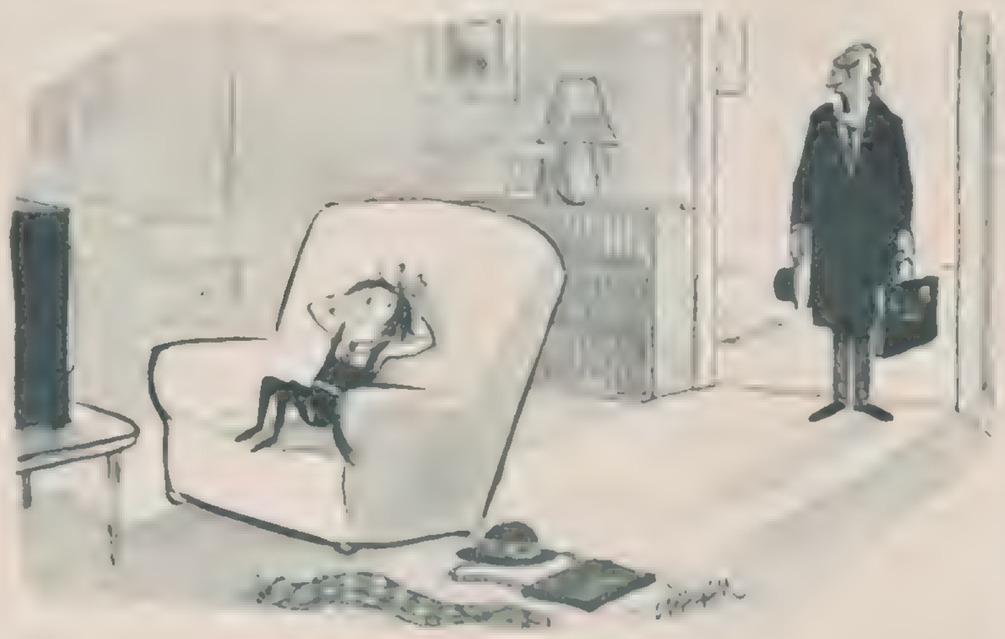
CLUES ACROSS

A. Figure of speech likening something to that which it resembles.
B. Somerset market town.
C. Worldly.
D. One who makes and sells spectacles.
E. A legal wrong.
F. Small axe.
G. To depict heraldically.
H. The Côte d'Azur.
I. Elizabethan essayist.
J. To charge formally with crime.
K. Tremble.
L. Tooth in rim of wheel for engaging chain.
M. Spanish head veil.
N. Outrageous.
O. National sport of Spain (4, 5).
P. One who leads devotions in a Mosque.
Q. A dram of about a gill.
R. Spanish noblewoman.
S. Insect which carries its forelegs in attitude of prayer.
T. N.W. Canadian territory of which Robert Service wrote.
U. Last night of October.
V. To habituate.
W. An ancient capital of Persia.
X. A glancing rebound.





NOW TURN TO PAGE 41 FOR THE ANSWERS



"We've done our prep, I take it?"

reached out for the key. "Tomorrow—half a bottle of whisky."

Yousseff's hand closed. "One bottle."

"Okay." Royce knew when not to haggle. "One bottle, tomorrow."

Yousseff smiled and flipped the key to Royce. "See, *signore*. I trust you."

"A lot of people do," Royce grinned.

Dracopoli lay full length in an old cane chaise-longue close to the courtyard arches. Harmer had come in to see him and had found Wellard there.

"I met Royce just now," Harmer said, "wandering around my place. I gave him a lift back in the jeep."

Dracopoli opened one eye. "That's what he was after. The jeep."

"You'd better keep your hands on the key," Wellard said. "He'd like to get fifty miles down the coast."

Harmer bit gently at his lower lip. "He wouldn't get far. These are the *Gu* rains. "He pulled from his pocket a thick manilla envelope, wax sealed, and said to Dracopoli: "You've got a man going down to Kandala?"

"Yes, tonight. Fagih—he's going by mule. Anything new?"

"My report? No—the usual junk."

"I'll put it in the bag."

"What do you do?" asked Wellard.

HARMER smiled. "I'm an oil man. Engineer, geophysicist, dogsbody. I've got a small post about fifty miles south in the Almaskat."

"What's that?"

"The mountains you can see. From there I scout around with my two boys."

"His company holds an oil exploring concession from my government," said Dracopoli.

"There's oil here?"

Both Harmer and Dracopoli laughed. "Everyone would like it if there was," said Harmer. "But there isn't. Do you know anything about boils, Doc?"

Wellard smiled and nodded.

"My kid's got a couple. You wouldn't care to have a look at them?"

"Any time."

"Good."

Harmer stood up.

"Another drink before you go?" suggested Dracopoli.

"No thanks. By the way, the big boy's come down to Libah. I passed him about thirty miles out today."

DRACOPOLI looked at Wellard. "We talk about the Sultan—Ali Yacquibi. Once a year he comes to the coast, for many reasons: to bring the cattle to the plains, to show his face so that none of his people get big ideas."

"Also;" Harmer grinned, "any wrecks on this coast belong to him. So I guess anything off the Cambria belongs to him, hide, hoof and hair."

"Give him Royce," said Wellard.

Harmer laughed and went out.

Wellard said: "From what little I've seen of it, this country could do with oil. Money, schools, roads. . . ."

"Oil here could cause trouble."

"I don't see why?"

"You should know about this country. The whole of Somalia was Italian, yes? When, after the war, the United Nations decides to put Somalia under a Trusteeship, we pull every string to be made the Trustee Power. The Trusteeship ends in 1960. . . . You think we should go if oil was discovered? Then there would be real trouble. Luckily, there is no oil." Dracopoli stood up. "In Sugulli, it is known that you are a doctor. Tomorrow many people will come to you. Yousseff has arranged this, and I have plenty of medical supplies here. You mind?"

"Of course not. It'll give me something to do."

"One needs that in Sugulli to keep sane." Dracopoli picked up Harmer's letter from the table. "Now I must see to Fagih and my dispatches."

FAGIH preferred to travel at night. Even during the rains it was cooler for himself and his mule. It also gave him the day free to sleep and visit his many friends along the road to Kandala.

He sat his mule easily, Dracopoli's dispatch bag tied to a leather belt around his waist under the groundsheet

RIDICULE—1

I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a truly good action into ridicule.

Henry Fielding

The Inspector's comment

continued from page 25

There's a flaw, all right, but it's not in Smith's story. Jarvis, the disappointed lover, who claimed he hadn't seen the girl for two weeks, was able to give a remarkably detailed description of her stole—which had been completed that day. He said he'd seen the red and green under the street lamp. A sodium lamp, as Smith mentioned. Ever tried to pick out red or green under a sodium lamp? Both look to be completely different colours. Unless Jarvis had seen the stole under conditions other than those he described—perhaps by the light of a match or torch—he was making false and malicious accusations. Take him in for further questioning.

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Make these women watch a flogging

Nor so long ago—a hundred and fifty years or so — young children could be hanged for theft.

When it was proposed to abolish the death penalty for trivial offences such as stealing £5, the strongest opposition came from judges and the House of Lords. They said it would lead to unbridled crime.

Today we are in a similar position. Because there are so many violent crimes, a minority of Tory M.P.s is clamouring for the birch to be brought back. And who have been the ringleaders in this movement? Lord Chief Justice Parker and his predecessor, Lord Goddard.

We've outgrown it

Flogging and birching were abolished as part of criminal sentences in 1948. Now the only people who can be sentenced to the hideous assault of the cat o' nine tails are prisoners who attack prison officers.

The rest of Europe has abolished corporal punishment altogether. There is still the sjambok of Dr. Swart in South Africa, and in some southern states of America Negroes can be flogged. Apart from these notoriously reactionary areas the Western world has outgrown this form of punishment.

Every ordinary person is shocked and dismayed to hear of physical assaults on old women and on children, but in nine cases out of ten the people who commit such crimes are mentally ill.

What these unbalanced people need is care and attention. For them to be stripped and flogged by uniformed thugs gets neither them nor the nation anywhere.

On the B.B.C. programme *Panorama* recently, viewers were shown a birch. It is a multi-rodded instrument which, according to the words of the inquiry on corporal punishment, is applied to the bare buttocks and almost inevitably draws blood.

There are two things to be considered here. Let us put aside for the moment the effect of this punishment on the criminal. What about the bircher, the man who administers the punishment? He does his "duty" either with disgust and reluctance or with sadistic pleasure. Whichever is the case, the experience can do him nothing but harm.

There are lots of people among the advocates of birching who say smugly: "I was beaten at school, but it never did me any harm, ha ha." How do we know? We cannot examine their private lives or inner thoughts.

In any case, smacking a boy's bottom is one thing; the use by society of a primitive form of vengeance is another.

Also, there is a great difference between members of privileged and professional classes, whose comfortable circumstances enable them to ignore a good deal of humiliation, and members of criminal classes, who are usually under-privileged, and whose mental make-up often demands that they "get their own back."

Examination of criminal records shows that the subsequent record of men flogged is much worse than that of men convicted but not flogged for the same offence.

Revenge seekers

So I am afraid I can never agree with Lord Goddard and Lord Parker. I am convinced that birching degrades the sufferer and does nothing to deter or reform him; and it coarsens the man who administers the punishment.

As for the women, and there are many of them, who demand the return of the birch, I would not pretend to know what it is that makes them so vindictive, but perhaps they would be a little more humane if they were brought face to face with reality and were compelled to watch a flogging.

The desire for vengeance is human and understandable, but civilized people should not give way to it.

Flogging as a "quick-and-easy" corrective for and protection against violence is just a counsel of despair. It has never worked, and it never will. END

The burning eye

continued from previous page

which he had draped over his shoulders. Sugulli was a couple of miles behind him and close to his right hand he could hear the sound of the sea.

After a little while the ground began to rise slightly and the road ran along the top of a long sand bar which had silted up the mouth of a small lagoon.

The sand bar broadened at the end and the road began to take a curve inland along one side of the lagoon. Where the curve began was a patch of olive trees and a clump of tall agave cactus.

Fagih saw the dark shapes of some trees and the cactus rise against the grey, rain-filled sky. When he was abreast of them two men moved out from their cover and stood across his road. He reined in without alarm.

They were Somalis, not coast people, and they both carried short-handled spears, the *waran* of the fighting men. Fagih slipped off the mule and without a word pulled aside his groundsheet. He unshipped the dispatch bag from his belt. He handed the bag to one of the men. Without a word the two began to run at a steady trot back towards Sugulli.

RIDICULE—2

A talent for turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungenerous tempers.

Joseph Addison

Fagih led the mule to the olives and hobbled it. Wrapping his groundsheet close about him, he sat down at the foot of one of the trees. Now and again on his trips to Kandala this happened. Sometimes he would wait here eight or ten hours before his bag came back. And, great gossiper though he was, he never permitted himself the curiosity of wondering why the Sultan liked to read Dracopoli's dispatches. Such curiosity could be dangerous and was better forgotten.

He shut his eyes and went to sleep. . .

Although it was still raining, the night wind was warm and humid. The three men sat under a wide awning spread over part of the flat roof top. The wet awning sagged and bellied a little in the wind.

The three men sat cross-legged on small carpets and a low table between them was set out with small cups of *shiaha* tea. Also on the table rested Dracopoli's dispatch bag, opened. One of Ali Yacquibi's hands rested on it. The other two, his brother, Jibarti, and the holy man, Khalifa Jebro, waited for him to speak.

Suddenly Ali lifted the empty bag from the table and dropped it at Jibarti's feet.

"Burn this."

Jibarti let it lie. Only a slave would have picked it up at once.

The Khalifa said, "You have chosen?"

Ali nodded. He looked at Jibarti. "Do I have to tell you what to do?"

Jibarti stood up slowly.

"How can it be known that the American will have said nothing of his discovery of oil to others?" he asked.

"He keeps it to himself until the news has reached his company."

"A man who discovers riches will surely tell one friend?"

"Not this man. Now go."

Jibarti picked up the bag and went through a door into the house.

Ali said: "The discovery belongs to Somalia. But it must be kept hidden until we are ready. There is only one way to make a man silent. . . ."

It was almost dawn when Fagih was wakened by the sound of hooves. Fagih recognized Sheik Jibarti. He had a man at each stirrup.

Jibarti slid from his horse. This was no work for a chief. His men would do it, but he must witness the thing.

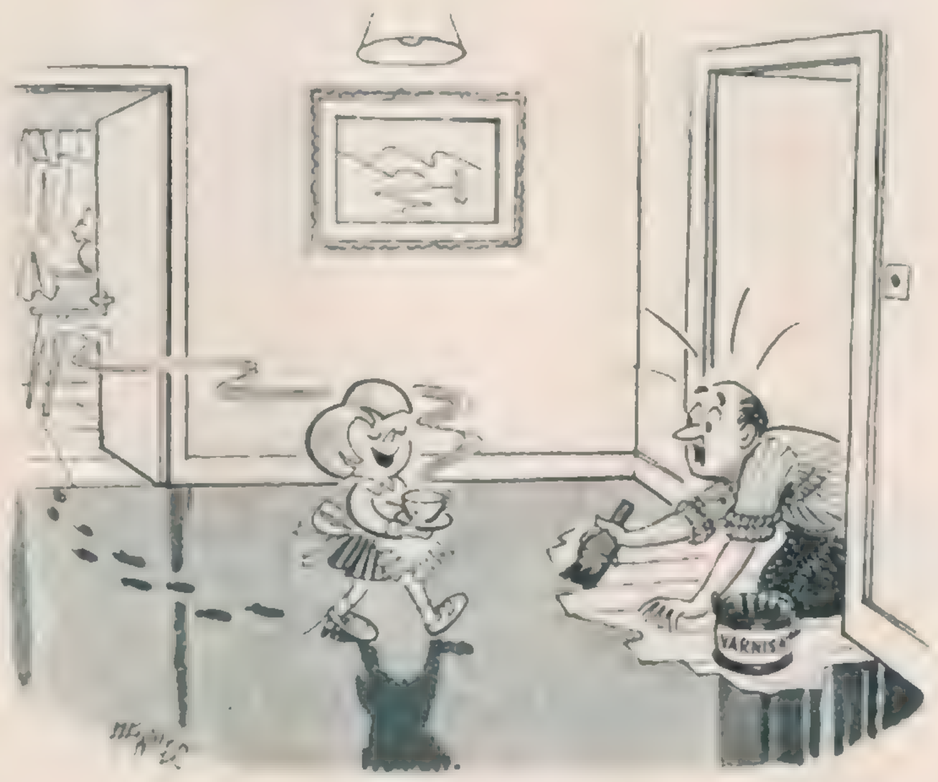
The three men closed in on Fagih. In the moment when he realized what was going to happen, the thing was already happening. The two warriors raised their *warans* and the sharp blades were in his flesh.

Without a word from Jibarti, the two men picked him up and carried him to the lagoon edge and threw him out into the grey waters.

They came back and one of them found the mule and unhobbled it. A prick in its flank with a spear sent it galloping away across the dunes.

Wellard came out on to the terrace and lit a cigarette. Blaikie was sitting under the shade of the palm tree reading. Royce was playing patience on an upturned box. At the far end of the terrace Lily Pincott had set up her

Helping Hands



"Tea, Daddy!"

"You didn't complain about running your new car in for the first few hundred miles"

hamper on a pile of bricks and was exercising the birds she used for her cabaret act before an admiring crowd of small children.

Behind him Wellard heard Juliet's voice say: "She's cute, isn't she?"

She came up to him and he knew at once from her manner that for the moment she preferred to pretend that nothing had passed between them.

"You can catch her in Naples in a few weeks' time," he said.

Harkness came to the terrace door. "Mr. Harmer is waiting for you, sir."

"All right, Harkness. Thank you."

"Some work?" Juliet asked.

Wellard smiled. "Nothing serious. Harmer's little girl has boils. Would you like to come for the ride?"

She nodded and he saw the quick flash of pleasure move across her face. He took her by the arm, steering her along the terrace to the corner of the *albergo*.

By the causeway, the jeep was waiting. He introduced Juliet to Harmer and they drove off towards Sugulli.

Halfway along the road that looped out from Sugulli to Harmer's house on the lagoon side they passed a long string of camels. All of them were heavily loaded. Flanking them were herds of goats driven by women and children. The men rode on horses or mules.

"They're some more of Sultan Ali Yacquibi's people going to Libah," said Harmer. "Real Somalis. Not like these coast folk. Proud, tough, and as temperamental as prima donnas. They're all members of the tribe of which the Sultan is head. In turn his people are part of the larger Mijertein group which in turn is part of the Kombe-Harti, which in turn is a branch of the Darod confederacy. . . ."

"You seem to know," Juliet said.

"I've got a Somali wife," Harmer said. "You'll meet her in a moment. Eile. She knows the whole set-up. But women don't really count for much out here. About the biggest insult you can give a man in a scrap is to hit him with a sandal or a whip because these are things only used on women. . . ."

Sitting in the back of the jeep by himself, Wellard listened to Harmer talking away. Once started there was no stopping him. He spent months away from European company. When he got it, he came to it with great zest.

The jeep passed under the trees and into the courtyard of Harmer's place. As the engine was switched off there was the sound of the wind in the reeds at the lagoon edge.

Harmer said: "Hallo. Looks as though I've got visitors."

Wellard leaned forward and saw that from the far side of the house two men were riding along the lagoon edge.

One horse was well ahead of the other

Another side is training on Guinness.
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2 6, 3 11, 6 3

RESULT OF FITTING PHRASES COMPETITION

which appeared in the issue of John Bull dated December 19, will be announced in

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The burning eye

continued from previous page

and on it sat Ali Yacquibi, a long white *maro* flowing well down over his knees and open a little at the breast to show a tight red jacket. He reined in and sat very still and erect in the saddle. He began to talk to Harmer in Somali.

WELLARD heard Harmer's voice rise almost to anger and then tail away into silence. Ali Yacquibi gave a brief, almost contemptuous, gesture with his hand and then, with a rapid beat of hooves the two men were gone.

Harmer came back to them and it was quite clear that he was angry.

"Who is he?" asked Juliet.

"Sultan Ali Yacquibi. He's the new kind of chief—educated in Europe, and hates the guts of all Europeans."

He led the way into the house where his wife, Eile, greeted them, a quiet, gentle creature who hardly spoke and who led Wellard up on to the covered roof to see her daughter, Maria.

Wellard turned his back on her while he prepared the penicillin injection which he had brought with him.

Later, in the room below, where Harmer had fixed them drinks, the American asked: "Is she all right?"

Wellard nodded. His eyes went round the sparsely furnished room. It was barren and uncomfortable. But for Harmer it was home.

NEXT day was the second on which Wellard had held a surgery. There were many more people at this one. Yousseff was delighted with the crowd, seeing a nice profit for himself.

After attending to a few patients, Wellard stood up and stripped off his linen jacket and tie. He was rolling up his shirt sleeves when Juliet Barclay came in.

"If you've come for treatment," Wellard said, "you fix the price first with Yousseff."

"No treatment," she answered. I thought you might like a hand. . . ."

"Know anything about it?"

"What I don't know, I can learn. Anyway," she smiled, "a doctor should have a nurse about."

"I suppose so." He saw Yousseff grinning behind her. "Yousseff approves. He can charge more. All right—you're engaged. But I hope you've got a strong stomach."

"We'll see."

He turned from her almost angry because her presence here gave him so much pleasure. "All right, Yousseff. Next please." An hour, he thought; she'd last an hour.

But he was wrong. She stuck it until

RIDICULE—3

To the man of thought almost nothing is really ridiculous.

Goethe

the end of the session. At first she was slow and clumsy in carrying out his orders, but towards the end of the morning he realized that she was beginning to anticipate his demands. But he knew that all the time she was fighting against her nausea.

When they had finished, he offered her a cigarette which she refused.

"You did very well," he said. "We'll go back to the *albergo* and have a large gin. That'll put you right. . . ."

BUT as he was speaking she shook her head, began to say something and then turned away abruptly and went out. He was aware then of an uprising of tenderness for her.

After a while he went across to the *albergo*. Harkness, who had begun to help Yousseff in the kitchen, brought him a gin out on to the terrace overlooking the lagoon. Lily came over to him.

"You've got an assistant, I see."

"That's right, Lil dear."

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"I didn't ask anyone."

She sat down beside him. "So, she just turned up? You were pleased?"

"Yes . . . yes, I was. Why not?"

"Listen, Chris—you know there's nothing worth while in it for you. Oh, she's nice enough. But think of all that money she's got, and then think of all the money you haven't got."

He stood up. "You're dead right, Lily dear. I tell myself that—but it doesn't make a damn bit of difference."

IT was a warm evening and the whole party sat on the terrace, listening to gramophone records, and watching the stars shine on the waters. Royce, concealing his impatience, was the life and soul of the party.

It was past midnight before everyone had retired and he could get away. He slipped quietly out on to the terrace, wearing rubber-soled shoes, and buttoned up the front of an old raincoat.

He moved out on to the causeway. Thank the Lord there were no small boys about. Yousseff's raincoat was a little tight under the arms and the skirts bumped awkwardly with the packages of food he had stuffed into his pockets.

He'd take the jeep and head down the coast. If Harmer heard it being driven off, it wouldn't matter. He would have all the start he needed.

He turned off the causeway and began to follow the line of the lagoon. He entered the tall reeds, and hoped it was late for crocodiles.

Coming out of the reeds he began to make the climb to the top of the ridge that overlooked Harmer's place. He stopped at the top of the ridge, keeping under cover. A drift of misty rain swept gently under the trees. There was no light from the house. *Sleep tight, Harmer. You'll get your jeep back.*

BUT suddenly, from the ridge behind him, he heard the slither of feet in the sand. He turned sharply and saw someone coming into the trees. A few yards from him the figure stopped and Wellard said: "All right, Royce. Don't try anything funny."

Royce said bitterly: "You should be in bed asleep."

"I couldn't sleep. I saw you on the causeway from my window. Come on, let's go back."

Royce moved a little and he saw now that Wellard's hands were free and empty. "Try and make me," he said.

Wellard shook his head. "Hand over the jeep key and we'll go back and forget this——"

He broke off suddenly and both of them jerked round as though pulled by invisible strings, for from the house below them by the lagoon came one high piercing scream.

"In God's name, what was that?"

"It's from the house." Wellard moved out of the trees and as he did so he saw, beyond the tall courtyard trees, the yellow upshoot of a tongue of flame.

Racing through the trees and across the yard, Wellard saw that the back of the house was ablaze. Against the glare was the low, squat shape of the jeep. He went round to the lagoon side and up on to the veranda. He pushed open the loose doors and shouted.

"Harmer! Harmer!"

HE ran towards a half-open door on the other side of the hall. Just inside the room he pulled up, one hand gripping hard at the edge of the door. Behind him he felt the press of Royce's body and then, Royce's voice——

"God Almighty!"

It was a small bedroom, almost filled by a large brass bedstead.

On this side of the bed the mosquito net had been pulled back. Harmer and Eile lay on the bed, a silk cover pulled back from their lifeless bodies.

NEXT WEEK: Wellard's greed starts a fight to the death

© Victor Canning, 1959-60

"The Burning Eye" will be published as a novel by Hodder and Stoughton on March 17. The price will be 15s.

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

"Surely it should be simple enough—
thirty-six hooks, thirty-six runners . . ."

Three into four will go—Roger Smithells introduces a young family who made their home in a tiny four-roomed London cottage

ELEVEN FOOT HOME

The back room on the ground floor is used as a general purpose living-room, part-time dining-room, and playroom. The glass panel between this and the sitting-room in the front lets in extra light. A high-level cupboard provides safe storage. The wallpaper is in various shades of green, on white; the fitment doors are painted a matching green

The kitchen, really a passageway between the house and the bathroom, is fitted with a sink and cooker under the window on the right. Every scrap of space has been used: even between the work-top and the high level cupboard. In this particular scheme colours are keyed into the multi-toned linoleum

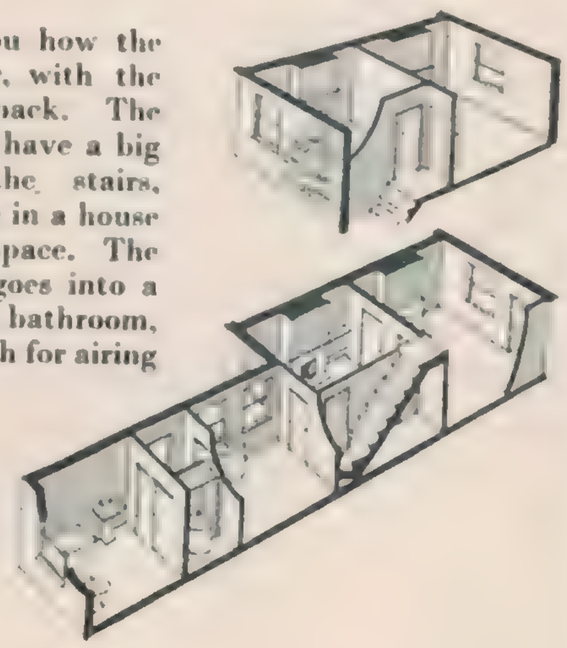
When photographer Peter Lloyd and his wife and small daughter were looking for a house, they were enchanted with the village-street atmosphere of this row of cottages in North London. So, despite the pocket-size of the cottage itself, they moved in. Only about eleven feet wide altogether, it consisted of four rooms, two up and two down, a staircase built into the wall-space of the back room, and a kitchen-cum-bathroom built out at the back.

With a baby in the house, the Lloyds felt that they needed separate kitchen and bathroom, so they stole space from the garden to build an entirely new bathroom beyond the kitchen.

To make the inside of the house seem larger, they built in furniture wherever there was space for it. A glass panel between the downstairs rooms lets light through the whole ground floor, and helps to give an illusion of space. In the kitchen and bathroom, and between the two rooms, they fitted sliding doors, which are out of the way when open.

Light, bright colours, patterns which blend well with the cottage style, and a scheme arranged to link the rooms makes the most of a small space.

This bedroom had an old-fashioned fireplace, which had been boarded up, with a fairly deep alcove beside it. The Lloyds made a better job of the fireplace, removing the mantel and surround altogether, and used the old opening for a wall-mounted electric fire, and a pair of unusual book-shelves. A built-in cupboard fills the alcove, and takes clothes and some boxes. The room has pale green walls, and one is papered with a formal rose-sprigged paper. The curtains are rose-coloured



This view shows you how the rooms link together, with the extension at the back. The Lloyds are lucky to have a big cupboard under the stairs, always an advantage in a house with little storage space. The hot water cylinder goes into a cupboard next to the bathroom, giving enough warmth for airing

This view through the cottage from the dining-room shows the home-made folding dining table, which takes up no room when it is out of use. The colour schemes in the two rooms are in similar greens and greys. The doors which were all made of different types of planking were covered by Peter Lloyd with hessian, to give them unity, then painted in different colours. The mugs are hanging on a beam which follows the line of the staircase

'Have a Martini', he said.
'Just by itself', I said.
'In a big glass', he said.
'With ice', I said.
And that started it all!

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry,
or Bianco

Heating by oil . . .

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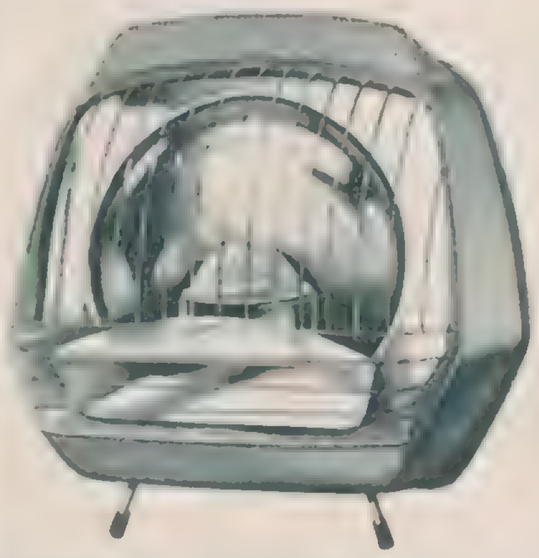
The "Four Star" radiant heater will burn 18 hours for 1 gal. giving 8,000 B.T.U.s per hour. The price is £9 9s. By Ernest Stevens Ltd.

The Conomatic space heater, full on, burns 24 hrs. for 1 gal., giving 6,250 B.T.U./hr. Price £9 11s. 10d. By The Tilley Lamp Company, Ltd.

The Radiant 89 model burns for 21 hrs. per gal., full on. Heat output 7,000 B.T.U./hr. Tank capacity 1 gal. Price £9 13s. By Green Arrow

The Solar radiant space heater gives out 8,500 B.T.U.s an hour. Choice of wine or blue base. £12 10s. By Gaines and Gaines Overseas Ltd.

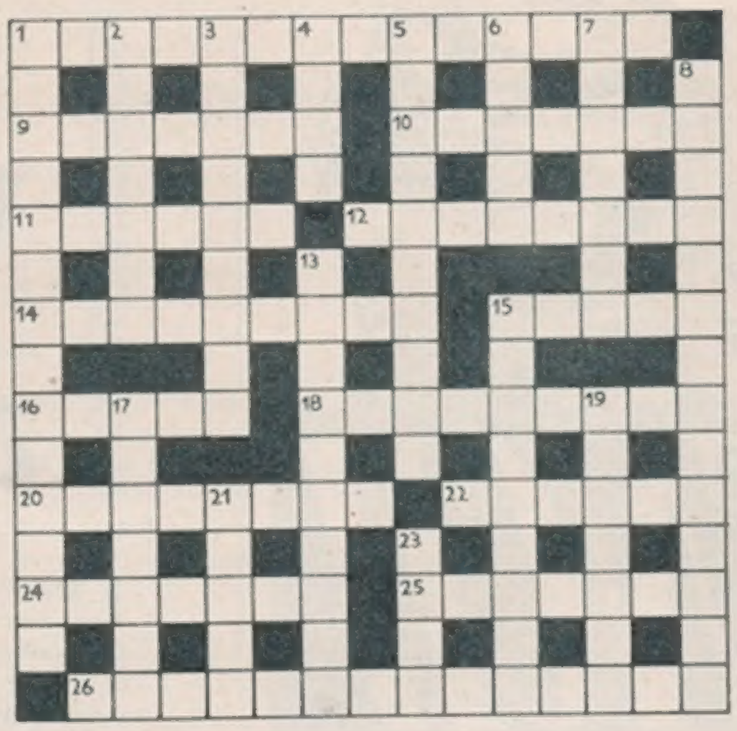


The Beverley De Luxe heater burns for 18 hrs. on 1 gal. Heat output is 8,300 B.T.U.s. The price is £14 4s. 6d. By Woden Tools Ltd.

The Slimline oil heater burns 18-20 hrs. per gal., giving out 10,000 B.T.U.s an hour. The price is £11 12s. 6d. By Tallent (Aycliffe) Ltd.

THE LESLIE STOKES CROSSWORD (No. 13)

Prizes of one-guinea Book Tokens will be given for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 13" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, February 9. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.



ACROSS

1. Knew the answers, thanks to the Irishman. (3, 2, 3, 3, 3)
9. Stop press: Saint missing. (7)
10. Oddly, no tea is made here. (7)
11. I=T, he seems to convey. (6)
12. Same ship possibly, one may stress. (8)
14. Consider what the hostess does. (9)
15. Sound. (With hesitation commonly dropped at times.) (5)
16. But it isn't as fast as the bullet it fits to a T. (5)
18. Clearly nothing wrong with an order to dress. (4, 5)
20. About to be sick, these officers take some knocks. (8)
22. Played the great man—with knobs on! (6)
24. Her best sort of drink. (7)
25. A riddle sounds helpful to Mrs. Mopp. (7)
26. Sent back by a snob retriever. (14)

DOWN

1. Third-party shrub. (10, 4)
2. Gratuities barred? Upsets someone, most likely. (4, 3)
3. One who cares for money. (9)
4. Position of the snob in industry? (4)
5. Indeed no M.P. could be so unprejudiced. (4-6)
6. Bring a kind of candle to light. (5)
7. Loss of memory starting in the forenoon. (7)
8. Prudence, as seen at a distance. (14)
13. Swift's wasn't about an old cargo boat. (4, 2, 1, 3)
15. Kind of bulb or insect? You'll get the bird for this. (9)
17. Nice, she comes from the East. (7)
19. Odd postage with a secret stamp. (7)
21. Suffuse between Aden and Perim, Buenos Aires and Santos. (5)
23. One mark for the Yorkshire borough. (4)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 11

ACROSS: 1, *Formally.* 5, *Thatch.* 9, *Loveless.* 10, *Claret.* 11, *Airborne.* 12, *Thrift.* 14, *Aggression.* 18, *Backgammon.* 22, *Detest.* 23, *Asbestos.* 24, *Earned.* 25, *Diatribe.* 26, *Treble.* 27, *Skylight.*

DOWN: 1, *Fulmar.* 2, *Revere.* 3, *Abloom.* 4, *Losing game.* 6, *Half-hose.* 7, *Terrific.* 8, *Hatstand.* 13, *Broomstick.* 15, *Obedient.* 16, *Scot-free.* 17, *Eggshell.* 19, *Rental.* 20, *String.* 21, *Assent.*

WINNERS OF CROSSWORD NO. 9

Mrs. W. Lewis, 12 Rickard Street, Glynfach, Porth, South Wales.
Mrs. Ethel Laburn, Greenbank Street, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.
Mr. N. A. Marshall, 68 Comer Road, Worcester.

The dog who became jealous

continued from page 28

find the motive for their "crimes."

These investigations nearly always show that the owners don't realize the need of their pets for affection and guidance in the complex world of civilization. Some fail to give their dogs any training at all. Others try to train them too early; a puppy less than eight months old is too immature to understand its owner's commands.

A few owners believe that the only way to cure a bad dog is to give it a good hiding. Rufus, a three-year-old alsatian owned by a spinster living in a lonely farmhouse, bit a stranger who threatened him with a stick. Rufus's mistress thrashed him, imprisoning the dog in a pen which measured eight feet by three feet. When he was let out, almost hysterical, he ran off and met another man with a stick. Rufus attacked him—and was thrashed again.

When Rufus came to me for treatment his condition was pitiful. As soon as I let him loose in the run he bolted, and I found him snarling and shivering, trying to burrow under a tree. I spent the next nine days patting and talking to him to restore his confidence in humans. He has almost recovered—but he is still wary of strangers.

Hunted in packs

In their wild state dogs hunted in packs, and were disciplined by a pack leader. The domestic dog now identifies man as the pack leader, but still retains some of the pack habits. A dog marks out its territory—usually its owner's house and garden—and is prepared to defend it against other dogs. Otherwise, apart from mating squabbles, dogs do not normally attack each other without good reason.

When two dogs meet in neutral territory, the weaker one indicates its subservience. If the two dogs are of equal stature they snarl at each other and then go through a ritual of disengagement—unless they are provoked into the attack by excitable humans.

Only one mongrel has turned up at my clinic: they are far less susceptible to nervous troubles than pedigree dogs. Gun dogs tend to be jealous and possessive. Poodles and boxers are often highly-strung. Some dogs have claustrophobia and will not sleep in kennels.

Maternal 'kink'

A man who received a six-month prison sentence locked his three setters in a room when he went to jail. A neighbour dropped food to them every day through a window. It was not long before the animals went berserk, but at Hampton they soon recovered.

Nearly all the dogs which have passed through Hampton have been sent there for a last chance after their owners had been convicted for failing to keep them under control. In most cases the alternative was destruction. Yet so far all have responded to training.

One of them, a golden labrador bitch named Pat, from Bridlington, had been branded by a magistrate's court as vicious. While she was expecting pups she had attacked three intruders into her territory. At Hampton Pat was allowed to roam free with a dozen other dogs. One morning her trainer heard an uproar: the smallest dog in the run had been set on by the others. Pat rushed to his aid and stood over him, keeping the rest at bay. Her "kink" was a strong maternal instinct.

But once a dog has a bad name it sticks. Soon after Pat returned home she was in whelp again. The owner's young daughter took her for a walk and was approached by a boy. "So that's the dog that bites," he said, and lashed out. Pat snapped back. Her owners were taken to court.

But this time witnesses came forward with the true story. The case was dismissed, and the magistrate awarded costs against the police. END

Are you all right, Jack?

continued from page 7

strike, a trouble-making shop steward may arrange for the convenor to tell them they are the only ones not taking part. An appeal to their loyalty quickly brings them out. There have been strikes which every single department agreed to support only because it thought it was alone in not wanting to strike.

Yet because they have no official powers, trouble-making shop stewards can be defeated by an opponent who takes a firm stand. At one aircraft factory a shop stewards' committee was about to vote in favour of continuing a strike which the union had asked them to call off when a latecomer asked what was happening.

Chairman who 'forgot'

When told, he said: "I don't care what is decided. If the union says we are to go back, I and the two hundred men I represent will go back."

No vote was taken and at a mass meeting of workers held later in the day, the chairman meekly passed on the union's advice.

The men voted to return to work immediately.

It was no accident that the shop steward who opposed the strike was late. The chairman had "forgotten" to tell him the meeting was taking place and he had heard about it accidentally a few minutes before.

Sometimes a shop stewards' committee becomes an almost independent organization. The Cameron court of inquiry, which was set up to report on the situation at Briggs Motor Bodies, a subsidiary of Ford's, found that the shop stewards had created "a private union within a union, enjoying immediate and continuous touch with the men in the shop, answerable to no superiors, and in no way officially or constitutionally linked with the union hierarchy."

This "private union" disposed of large funds. In the three months ending March 31, 1956, its balance sheet showed assets of nearly £10,300, most of it from the sale of 175,000 tickets in a competition. During the next five months, a further £16,000 accrued.

Outgoings were lavish. The committee rented its own offices and spent £187 on repairs and decorations. About £200 went on loudspeaker equipment and £777 on office equipment. The cost of strikes and leaflet printing totalled £1,900 and more than £2,000 had been paid out in expenses to shop stewards on "union business." Claude Berridge, the Communist A.E.U. organizer for the area, described the fund as "the sinews of war."

Most shop stewards' committees have relatively small funds which they use for postage, stationery and modest out-of-pocket expenses. It is usually the Communist-dominated organizations which maintain large balances.

These funds are rarely audited and large sums disappear. In one factory, three embezzlements took place within a single year.

Often, such funds are used to finance unofficial shop stewards' "movements." These, condemned by the unions, are invariably Communist "front" organizations.

In recent months, under Communist influence, attempts have been made to organize shop stewards' conferences for individual industries. One of the first fruits of this was the power station strike last November. Two months before, representatives of shop stewards in fifty-two different power stations met in Birmingham, and decided on an overtime ban and a token twenty-four hour strike. The date was to be decided by an eight-man executive. All the eight were Communists or fellow-travellers.

Power strike flop

The strike was eventually fixed for November 30 and the executive predicted that at least 14,000 men would come out at thirty power stations. The unions—including even the Communist-led E.T.U.—advised against a strike and officials stumped the power stations saying that the negotiations with the employers were making excellent progress.

On November 30, only four thousand men at nineteen power stations came out. "It was a complete flop," said one union official. "It did not put out a single lamp."

Yet the fact that it had happened at all was due to long-standing discontent in the industry. For years, the skilled workers had felt that they had been treated less generously than the unskilled. The management had never remedied their grievances.

"Employers," says one union official, "get the type of shop stewards they deserve." END

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 34

QUIZZLE

Quotation: "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." (Shakespeare. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*)
Clue Down: My mother bids me bind my hair.
Clues Across: (A) Metaphor; (B) Yeovil; (C) Mundane; (D) Optician; (E) Tort; (F) Hatchet; (G) Emblazon; (H) Riviera; (I) Bacon; (J) Indict; (K) Dither; (L) Sprocket; (M) Mantilla; (N) Egregious; (O) Bull fight; (P) Imam; (Q) Noggin; (R) Donna; (S) Mantis; (T) Yukon; (U) Hallow-e'en; (V) Accustom; (W) Ispahan; (X) Ricochet.

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

HOW are the rates of a house assessed? We are thinking of buying one that is now being built, and I was told recently that even the contents of the house are taken into consideration: that a coloured bathroom suite, for example, would increase the rateable value. Is this so?—Mrs. I. K., Worcs.

● Generally speaking, the assessment for rates is based upon the "rent value" of the property. That is the rent it could reasonably be expected to attract if let on the open market. A coloured bathroom suite would not in itself necessarily increase the rent value, but any added amenity, such as central heating, etc., would do so.

WAS HE RIGHT?

WAITING for a bus one evening, I was approached by a policeman and asked to open my brief-case because, he said, one had been stolen. Was he exceeding his duty in asking me to open it in front of the other people in the bus queue?—T. P., Bromsgrove, Worcs.

● If the policeman had reasonable suspicion, he was entitled to ask what was in your brief-case. You could have refused to open it. If you did this, he might have become more suspicious, and could then have taken you into custody and searched you.

DAMP PROBLEM

WE bought our house a little more than two years ago. Since then we have repeatedly been troubled by damp, which has recently become much worse. Any efforts the builder has made to remedy it have been unsuccessful, and it is very difficult to persuade him to do anything at all. What is the legal position?—W. J. M., Belfast.

● If the house was already built when you bought it, and was not sold to you under any misrepresentation, you will be presumed in law to have bought it at your own risk and with all its faults. If it was built for you, and the work has not been done according to the agreed specifications, you would probably have a claim against the builder.

GIVING NOTICE

WE live in a partly-furnished flat, and pay our rent weekly in advance. We know the landlord is supposed to give us one month's notice if he wants us to leave. If we find a better flat, need we give more than a week's notice?—W. R., Surrey.

● Unless the landlord agrees to the contrary, not less than a month's notice to leave the rooms is now necessary.

THIS THREAT

A LETTER from my local rating office has just arrived demanding payment of the balance of my rates within seven days, and threatening legal proceedings unless the payment is made. Could legal proceedings be taken against me for monies due in advance?—C. G., Manchester.

● Rates are payable in advance, and are due as soon as demanded. It is usual for the council to allow a short period of grace, but they generally issue a summons if the rates are not paid after a reminder has been sent.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **On the level:** A device which enables the home handyman to drill accurately at any required angle has now been made to fit on to any "do-it-yourself" electric drill with a 1¼ in. diam. boss or collar. This Redford Level spring clip attachment embodies a spirit level in conjunction with a protractor scale, allowing angles to be drilled from zero to 45° up, and 90° down in 15 degree divisions. By keeping the bubble in the level at the correct position the user ensures that he is drilling at the angle required. Price 6s. 6d. from large stores, tool shops and department stores. By Dennis Redford, 14 Mandeville Road, Potters Bar, Middlesex.

▶ **Easy-wipe tray covers:** A labour-saving idea from America is plastic, embossed or printed with a linen texture and made into attractive mats. These can be used as tray covers, dressing-table mats or on the dining-table. A wipe with a damp cloth will remove marks or stains, and the mats will withstand the heat from warm, but not hot dishes. Available in six different designs in quite a variety of bright and pastel colours. Fabrilay tray covers cost 2s. 11d. each and may be bought from most large stores. By Fablon.

▶ **Hang those curtains:** Do your curtains hang gracefully or do they droop? A neat device for ensuring a good drape is the Giraffe tape with matching hooks, by Rufflette. With this tape you can achieve a deep, gathered heading which will lie flush with the top of

FRAGRANCE SEEKER

COULD you please tell me where I can buy a small quantity of Latakia fluid for the flavouring of tobacco?—C. L., Devizes, Wilts.

● Latakia is not a fluid, but a fine Syrian tobacco which is widely used by good-class tobacconists for blending purposes. It is also a practice for some customers to buy an ounce to mix with other tobacco. You should have no difficulty in obtaining it from a local tobacconist, but if you do any tobacco importer listed in the classified telephone directory of your district would be able to help.

YOU MUST PAY

THE rear brake cable of my bicycle snapped as I applied the brake at a road junction. I had a shopping bag in my other hand and was unable to apply the front brake. As a result I ran into the side of a car. The driver's insurance company now tells me that I am liable for £20 for repairs to the car. What is my position?—Mrs. E. P., Scunthorpe, Lincs.

● You would be presumed in law to be guilty of negligence if you did not ride in such a manner as to be able to control both brakes. If you cannot afford to pay the amount demanded at once, you could offer to pay by reasonable instalments.

HOW MUCH?

I AM considering taking out a government annuity. Could you please tell me where information may be obtained and the probable amount a woman of eighty could expect from an investment of £500?—E. Y., Portsmouth.

● Government annuities are handled by the National Debt Office, 19 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. For £500 a woman of eighty could receive £80 5s. 10d. per annum at the rates now operating.

CRACKED

MY son recently bought a house, and with it some curtains which were already fitted. When he took down the curtains he discovered that two windows were badly cracked. Can he make any claim against the vendor for the cost of replacing them?—Mrs. W., Rossendale, Lancs.

● As your son would have had the opportunity to survey the house before he agreed to buy it, he would be presumed in law to have bought it at his own risk and with all its faults. In such case he would have no claim against the vendor for the cost of replacing the cracked window panes.

IS THIS RIGHT?

MY sister and I jointly owned a house which we have now sold for £2,400. There was no legal trouble in the sale. We sent the deeds to the solicitors, and we received only one letter making an appointment for payment. Now we have received a bill for £43 10s., which seems excessive. Is it correct?—Mrs. M. R., Lancs.

● The scale charge, as laid down by the Law Society, for deducing the title of the house sold for £2,400 is £43 10s., which is the amount you have been charged.

QUICK CHANGE

DURING a rush shopping period I paid for a 1s. 6d. article with half a crown. The assistant, having wrapped it, said I had given her the correct sum and that there was no change to come. The supervisor was called to check the money and so on. Eventually, not wishing to create a major scene over a shilling, I left. It occurred to me, however, that if I had tried to swindle the store out of a shilling they'd have called the police. What redress have I?—J. W., Oswestry.

● Had you summoned the police they could have done nothing without some evidence of actual theft. Your legal remedy would be a civil one, and you could sue the firm for a shilling. But as you could not produce any evidence the claim would have to be decided on the basis of which was the most likely story, and such action would not be worth your while.

WIFE'S WAGES

I BELIEVE it is possible to make a claim on income tax for wages paid to my wife for decorating our home. Is there any fixed rate per hour I should specify and will a receipt, signed by my wife, for X hours at Y shillings an hour be sufficient to satisfy the tax people?—M. W., Leeds.

● There is no fixed rate, but the sum must be reasonable, having regard to the amount it would have cost you to get skilled labour for the same work. A receipt in the terms you suggest would be all right provided the amount has actually been paid.

LONG WAIT

I ORDERED and paid for a garage in early October. Three weeks later, I received confirmation of the order and was told there would be a delay of three to four weeks in dispatch. Eventually, after I complained, it was delivered in December, with some parts damaged and has been lying around awaiting erection ever since. How can I get these people to get a move on?—F. P., Coventry.

● If it was part of the agreement that the garage would be erected for the inclusive price you paid, and you have waited a reasonable time for the contract to be completed, you could claim for the agreement to be voided and the money returned. Or you could get someone else to put it up, and charge the cost to the vendor. If you do the latter, you should inform the firm of your intention beforehand.

the curtain track. The long-necked, double-pronged hooks project right up into the curtain heading and hold it firm. To make single, double or triple pinchpleats, use Deep Pleat Tape. It is simple to fit and there is no sewing involved when curtains have to be laundered and rehung. Giraffe Tape costs 10d. per yard and the GR2 hooks to use with it cost 2s. 2d. per dozen. The Deep Pleat Tape costs 1s. 7d. per yard and the four-pronged hooks cost 9s. per dozen. Single pronged-end hooks cost 2s. 8d. per dozen, or a Deep Pleat Pack containing three yards of tape, six pleater hooks and four end hooks can be bought for 11s. 4d. From most large department stores.

▶ **All-purpose adjustable saw:** New is a saw which will cut through hard or soft wood; hard rubber; plastics; mild steel; copper; brass; aluminium, lead or wood in which nails are embedded. The 16 in. tungsten steel blade of this general purpose saw is fitted with a clamping screw and wing nut which make it possible to adjust the angle of the blade and lock it into any chosen position—an advantage when sawing in confined spaces. The blade can be quickly replaced when necessary. The Eclipse general purpose saw costs 15s. 6d. By James Neill & Co. (Sheffield), Ltd., Napier Street, Sheffield, 11.

▶ **Treatment of red tiles:** Red tiles need not fade or get that white dusty look if you wash them with detergent and water, and when dry, apply a pigmented tile polish such as Redtile. When this has dried thoroughly (leave overnight) apply two coats of Ronuk plastic emulsion, allowing each coat to dry before applying the next one. The emulsion will reduce the need for regular applications of Redtile and will prevent the red "walking off" on to the surrounding floors. Renew the emulsion about once a week.

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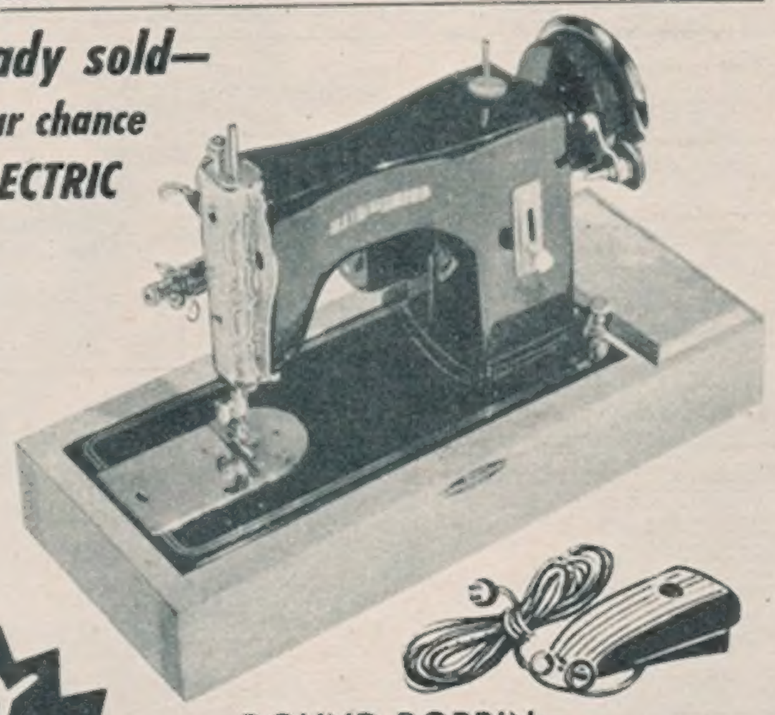

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